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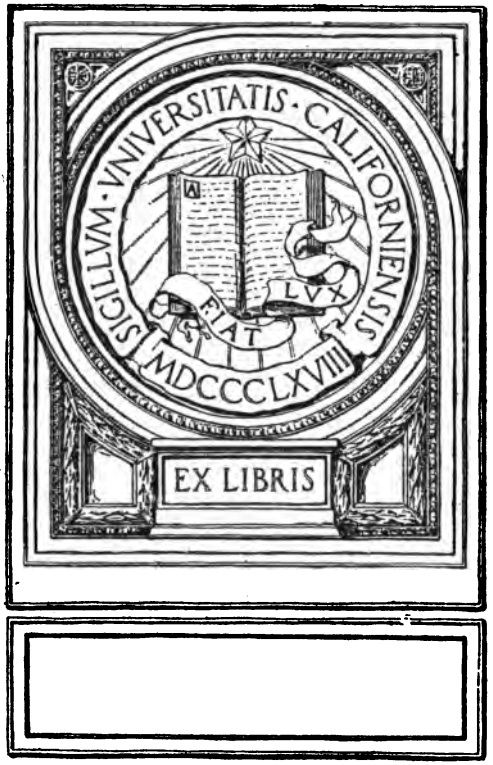
The Romantic Shore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THE ROMANTIC SHORE

BY

AGNES EDWARDS

Author of

"Our Common Road"

"The House of Friendship"

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

THE SALEM PRESS COMPANY

SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

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Contents

Chapter	I.	Winthrop Old and New	1
Chapter	II.	Revere, the Playground of Boston	6
Chapter	III.	The Forgotten City of Lynn	12
Chapter	IV.	Golden Days in Nahant	23
Chapter	V.	Salem	32
Chapter	VI.	Quaint Marblehead	50
Chapter	VII.	The Wings of a New Morning	66
Chapter	VIII.	The Fashionable North Shore	70
Chapter	IX.	Gloucester—Flood Tide and Ebb	83
Chapter	X.	A Deserted Village	96
Chapter	XI.	The Romance of Rockport	102
Chapter	XII.	An Annisquam Garden	108
Chapter	XIII.	Ecclesiastical Ipswich	113
Chapter	XIV.	The Whittier Country	130
Chapter	XV.	Charming Old Newburyport	145

333852

Illustrations.

PAGE

Winthrop Highlands 1

Those characteristic beaches and bluffs and rocks commence here in full loveliness.

The Deane Winthrop House, at Revere 2

One of the six oldest buildings in New England. Built by the captain of the Mayflower.

Revere 6

With its bandstands, and scenic railways, its merry-go-rounds and loop-the-loops.

The Playground of Boston 8

Here the city dwellers come in thousands.

High Rock, at Lynn 16

That cliff of dull red porphry affording a view not paralleled on the New England coast.

Nahant 23

Its wild and tattered coast line unmistakable for miles around.

The House of Seven Gables 32

Salem is rich in Hawthorne memorials, and the House of Seven Gables is exquisitely preserved.

The Salem Custom House 36

Which faces the wharves which once received a yearly import worth $7,000,000 in duties alone.

Old Tucker Wharf at Marblehead 50

An abolished Landmark which once stood at the present ferry landing.

ILLUSTRATIONS—*Continued*

Barnegat in Marblehead 54

Where notorious pirates stalked the streets, and smuggling was indulged in as a legitimate occupation.

The Wings of a New Morning 66

Where two hundred years ago men were hanged for witchcraft, flying machines now circle freely.

Twentieth Century Progress in Seventeenth Century Setting 68

Far out over the harbor the flight of an aviator above the irregular outline of the New England coast.

The Fashionable North Shore 74

The North Shore of high stepping horses and smartly painted traps: of hunting clubs and polo ponies.

Gloucester Harbor 83

From which a fleet of two hundred fishing schooners goes to the Grand Banks.

Fishing Racks at Gloucester 88

The smell of fish and salt—curious, indescribable, oily, penetrates Gloucester Town.

A Deserted Village 96

An oddly impressive spot, revealing no trace of the hundred families who lived here two centuries ago.

Rockport Harbor 102

Passed by seventy thousand vessels annually, it is never ice bound and has excellent holding ground.

Rockport Quarry Sheds 104

There are more than six hundred acres of quarry land, finishing, cutting and polishing sheds in Rockport.

Annisquam 108

To the west across the water swell the white irregular sand dunes of Ipswich.

ILLUSTRATIONS—*Continued*

In an Annisquam Garden 110

A slope of green turf, the pleasant roof of a house half way down the cliff, and far below, the calm of Ipswich Bay.

"The First Church" at Ispwich 120

Meeting house green, which has borne a church for nearly three hundred years, is the symbolic center of the town.

Whittier's House at Amesbury 130

An ordinary building, interesting only because of its associations.

Whittier's Birthplace at Haverhill 136

The square house in which Whittier was born in 1807 was built by his great grandfather in 1688.

The Chain Bridge at Newburyport 145

Spanning the Merrimac between Amesbury and Newburyport. Harriet Prescott Spofford's house is visible in the background.

Preface

Of all the thousands of miles of our inspiring coastline, east and west, there is no part more rich in romance, more throbbing with legendary and historical associations than the North Shore of New England. Try to imagine the story of the early colonists; the growth of architecture and literature and religion in this country except against this background. It is impossible! So much that is of permanent value in the poetry and prose of America has its roots in this region: so many profoundly significant events of our national and social life have developed here, that no American who has not at least knocked at the door of this treasure house is properly educated in the patriotic sense! Much has been written about the North Shore, but each new comer finds a new message and yields to a spell that can never pall.

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CHAPTER I

WINTHROP OLD AND NEW

Those visitors to New England who have set forth upon the pleasurable task of exploring the historic and beautiful North Shore must surely begin at Winthrop, which is the smallest town in Massachusetts—one and sixth tenths square miles—and boasts no less than nine railway stations in its limited area. For it is one of the most convenient of Boston's suburbs, and most popular of Boston's summer resorts, and those characteristic beaches and bluffs and rocks, which stretch and curve and tumble down past Newburyport, commence here in full loveliness.*

Beside its thriving summer and winter population, Winthrop has many fine old houses, streets and trees.

*A loveliness that has not escaped the poets. One of the best achievements is given on page 163.

The unique possession of the town is the Deane Winthrop House—one of the six oldest dwellings in New England. It was built by Captain William Pierce, commander of the Mayflower.

On the south side of a hill still stand a few reminders of the great sassafras grove which once furnished sassafras root to London at forty cents a pound! But the unique possession of the town is the Deane Winthrop House—one of the six oldest dwellings in New England. It was built by Captain William Pierce, who was commander of the Mayflower and of several other vessels which brought Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay colonists over from the other side. And it was bought by Deane Winthrop, sixth and youngest son of the first Governor, a farmer and a good one, who lived under these sturdy timbers until 1703. Substantial, plain and excellently preserved it looks forth without resentment upon the twentieth century agitation of boy scouts and casual tourists, energetic inhabitants and annual summer influx which flood the streets of the once sequestered village. Around it are playgrounds and parks and club houses: there are two forts owned by the United States Government, five yacht clubs and more automobiles than horses. But within the rooms of the slowly settling cottage the great brick fireplaces, the wide pine boards and the oaken beams brace themselves for another three hundred changeless years.

The Winthrop Historical and Improvement Asso-

ciation has bought the place, and carefully preserved those relics and data which testify to its heritage. You may, if you wish, step under the narrow little front stairs into a deep, closely concealed brick recess, whose original purpose has long since been abandoned and is now forgotten. Standing there in the cool darkness you try to imagine for just what mysterious use this elaborate cubby hole was intended. Was it a smoke house for hams? Was it a hiding place for priests who were violating that severe law which forbade them to minister? There is more than one such refuge in guileless looking New England farmhouses: however, usually in such cases one could enter from the fireplace, which is not true here. It is not improbable that it was intended as a place to protect women and children if the house should be attacked by Indians, although it seems almost too near Boston for that. Well, we shall never know, and it will stand there with its secret locked by a rude latch until the years which will crumble its newer and more pretentious neighbors will crumble it, also. As we step out of the bricked recess and walk about through the little cottage with its low ceilings and narrow doors and curiously arched support of the chimney—visible from the cellar—we have to force our imaginations to

picture Governor James Bowdoin, Lady Elizabeth Temple and Robert C. Winthrop who all lived here in turn in contentment and esteem. Our dignitaries of today would hardly find it sufficient.

The whistle of the narrow gauge train stopping at one of its nine stations, the welcoming voices of those who have down to "see it come in" and the sigh of relief with which the business men, weary from their day in the steaming city, step off and whiff the clean ocean air, remind us that we are in a very modern suburb. The automobiles chug off: the train pulls out: the last straggler directs his steps toward home thinking gratefully of his salt water dip before supper. Our eyes turn once more toward that survivor of another age and time—standing patiently like some hale old man who watches the racing and romping of his grandchildren and great-grandchildren with an indulgent smile about his bearded lips. But in his eyes there is the loneliness of one who has outlived his generation, and is waiting, uncomplainingly until he, too, may be allowed to depart.

CHAPTER II

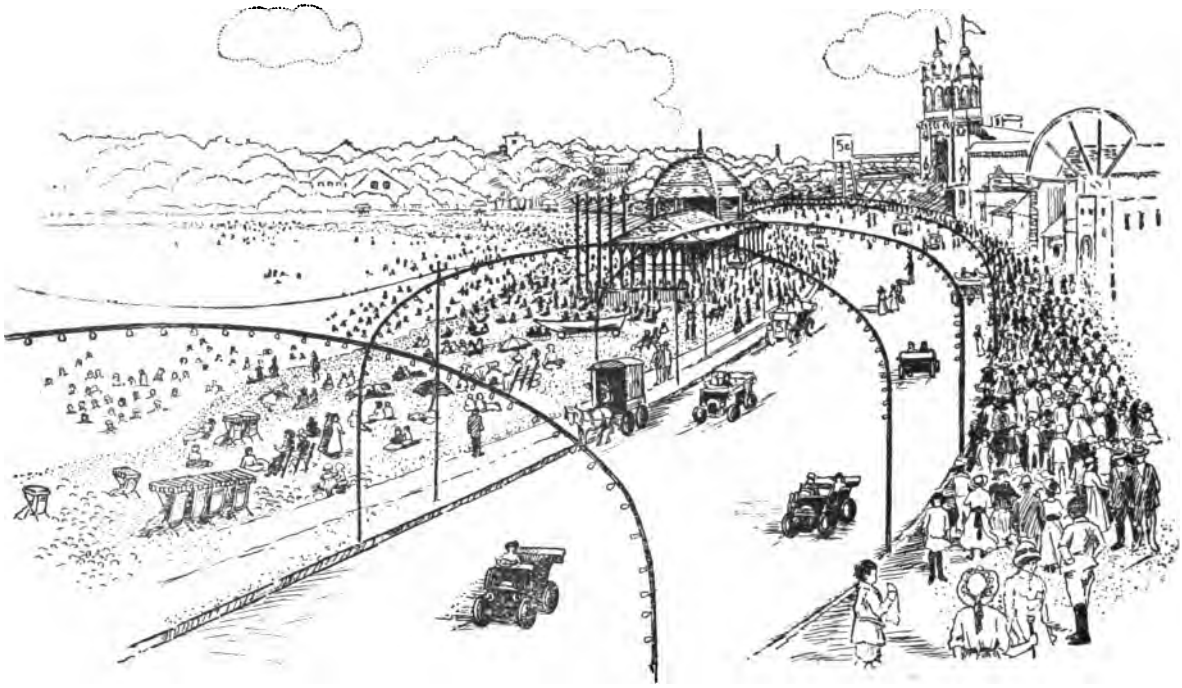
REVERE—THE PLAYGROUND OF BOSTON

There is no more perfect beach in all the world than that firm white sweep of sand three miles in length, which is called Revere. Originally a part of Lynn, it curves in a crescent between Winthrop and Saugus, and is accessible by train, by trolley and by boat. And here the city dwellers come in thousands and thousands. 300,000 was the number for one hot day in June. They flock to the bath houses and swarm out over the beach; children, mammas and papas: older sisters and rollicking lovers: pale clerks from the city and tanned lads from the country: serious faced couples whose hoarded scanty savings are barely sufficient to cover their car fare and a side show:

prodigal young society belles and beaux who have run through the gaieties of more fashionable resorts.

Automobiles come tearing down from town with hilarious cargoes: the trolleys fling forth a new crowd every five minutes: the excursion boat from Nahant groans under the weight of its passengers. And the smooth blue water and the whitest, hardest of sands welcome them all with gregarious hospitality.

There are bandstands and pavilions at Revere: there are galleries where one may have three shots at a bobbing wooden duck for a nickel, and sidewalk stoves where hot frankfurters are forever sizzling. "Wonderland"—the Coney Island of Boston—is here, raising its fantastic structure of painted "Scenic Railway" and its perilous framework of "Loop-the-Loop" against the faultless sky. Ice cream cones and salt water taffy: fish chowders and peanuts: soft drinks and pop-corn are perpetually on the menu of those street shops where idling, laughing groups are strolling. Within the confines of "Wonderland" all those delights which have been concocted to rouse the jaded senses are in full ferment: upholstered chariots which lift you with a horrible rotary motion above the screaming earth: "Shoot-the-shoots" which whirl you through the air



Revere—with its curve of smooth white sand, its throng of pleasure seekers and its Loop-the-Loops, dizzily latticed against a faultless sky.

with sickening velocity: floors that wobble under your feet and fireworks that dance before your eyes: and everywhere the din of excited humanity.

You may be scornful of these garish pleasures and formulate supercilious remarks about the "hoi-polloi." But the hoi-polloi is wiser than you: it realizes that this place has been set aside for its especial amusement and it intends to amuse itself here as blatantly as it pleases. And, after all, there is something rather magnificent in the sight of these thousands and thousands of men and women out for a few hours of recreation. The tourist in Rome demands to be shown the Coliseum. Why? Not merely because of its architectural features, but because its bare and shattered shell still bears mute witness to the huge mobs that once assembled there to make a holiday. He who is seeking to reconstruct the meaning of the Coliseum tries to picture to himself the vividness, the roar—the crush and impulse of that mob. History is no longer defined as the recital of the deeds of kings: it is recognized as the story and the temper of the people: what they wanted: the way they worked: how they enjoyed themselves: the objects for which they were willing to exert themselves: the ideals

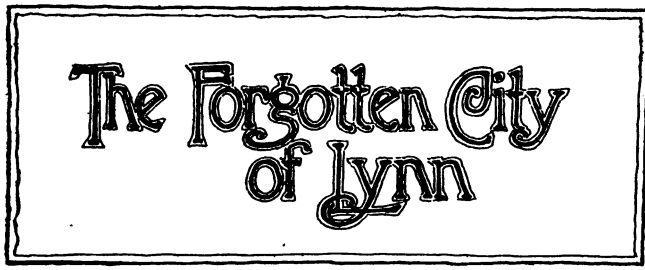
which appealed to them. And one phase of the development of the United States is exemplified more completely by a place like Revere than by all the heavy economic tomes that were ever shelved in the recesses of a library.

Stand now, and survey this multitudious throng of red capped, leaping bathers—their legs and arms twinking against the white background of infinite sea, their shrill cries mingling with the strains of popular music and the rhythm of the ocean! Yes—this is part of New England's historic North Shore, and as a part it infuses its tinge of color into the composite picture of the whole.

We must not leave Revere without taking one glimpse of it from the rear. As the train whirls down toward Lynn and Salem we may see from the car window the most absurd conglomeration of houses, sheds, huts and shanties that ever accomodated a cheerful and promiscuous summer colony. Small shacks with large piazzas, and smaller ones with no piazzas at all: one-story-one-room edifices of tar paper and clapboards: shelters improvised from discarded electric cars and ancient piano boxes: buildings that once were houses and are now sliced in two or patched together—bedecked with baby carriages and scatter-

ing window boxes and clotheslines flappingly burdened with a casual wash. There are crowded together in small settlements like hastily sprung mushrooms—or sporadically dotted here and there, on a ledge, in a pasture, by a road, or irrelevantly off the road, or anywhere at all. As the train curves by you see in your imagination not only the little community but the spontaniety that went into its rearing: men with a half holiday, families with two weeks' vacation, building their houses as they lived in them like nautaluses: groups of neighbors with little cash and immeasurable good humor.

The train flies past: Revere, with its "Loop-the-Loops" latticed dizzily against the sky, with its peerless sweep of beach and its ephemeral jumble of cottages, is gone as swiftly as it appeared—a bubble bursting in a many colored splatter of light.



CHAPTER III

THE FORGOTTEN CITY OF LYNN

The stranger passing through Lynn, conscious only of factories and railways, automobiles, trolleys and jitneys and all the insignia of a modern industrial metropolis is not surprised to be told that this is the third city in Massachusetts in value of manufactured products and the leading center for women's shoes in the world. But he is surprised to hear, perhaps, that underneath this brick-bound, teeming city there lies another city, almost forgotten, like one of those dim churches into which the curious may penetrate buried beneath a superstructure of modern or medieval Rome. This other Lynn is the Lynn of the long silver beach: of storied glens and rocks: of leafy shelters and deep woods into which no sound of shoe making has ever penetrated, and where the

echoes of crude colonial life still linger like the faint sounds of that ancient obliterated church above which beat the throb of a thousand unconcious feet. The first settlers came here from Salem in 1629 and they changed the Indian name of Saugus—which meant flat or extended, and was suggested by the broad salt marshes—to Lynn, or King's Lynn, from Lynn Regis in England. For a long time Lynn—or Saugus—included Swampscott, Lynnfield and Nahant, but now the old name is only left to the river and fragment of the original territory.

He would see this old Lynn must not content him self with glancing at the store houses and machine shops, or even at those specimens of colonial architecture which survive here as in all New England towns, but must find his way to High Rock—that cliff of dull red porphyry within the city limits, topped with a tower which is to Lynn what the Citadel is to Quebec. From it one looks down and out upon the kingdom of earth, circled with its shining beaches and distant towns and happy meadows, and up into the kingdom of heaven springing from the infinite rim of the ocean. It is a view not parallelled on the New England coast.* Here on High Rock—which will remain forever unchanged in the flux of man-made changes—

*Elisabeth Merrill's poem is a pleasant assistance to a more intelligent appreciation of the spot. Page 165.

one can most easily leave modern Lynn and take the first step back into the shadows of Saugus.

Perhaps the first figure he will encounter on such a journey will be Moll Pitcher—she who, when this cliff was a lonely and isolated spot, lived at its foot for fifty years and told fortunes, quite simply and with a terrible surety to the cultivated and the intelligent, who made special and clandestine pilgrimages to her, as well as to the ignorant sailor lads who came, half in fun and half in superstition, when their ships cast anchor in Saugus Harbor. She made no explanation of her gift—which was not a vulgar fakerism but an inexplicable psychic power—and neither her own generation nor those that followed have made any denial of it. She held Fate in the hollow of her hand, and, gazing through the flimsy mortal frame into the past and future, directed ships to far ports or foul decay, and predicted disasters and triumphs that came to pass ten and twenty years later. Poems, stories and articles have been written about Moll Pitcher, but no one has ever discredited the secret or the sincerity of her occultism.

The stranger in Lynn must also go back to those unspoiled primeval forests broken by cliffs from which one may see the summer colony of Swampscott, the

"splintered spurs of Phillips Head," the peninsular of Nahant and the houses of Lynnfield—the modern divisions of the ancient Saugus. In the heart of these woods are glens and ravines, redolent with historic tales of pirates and witches and trampling horsemen and charmed circles. Captain Kidd left some buried treasure on the Point of Pines—rubies as big as a hen's egg and strings of pearls a yard long. And they are there today, no doubt, waiting the magic key of a twentieth century Robert Louis Stevenson.

For what more thrilling plot for a Treasure Island could Robert Louis Stevenson have desired than the story of Pirate's Glen and Dungeon Rock—known to every child of Lynn and gravely accepted as part of the town's history?

It began on a summer evening in the middle of the seventeenth century when a small and unknown bark crept up the Saugus River and cast anchor in Saugus Harbor. The people of Lynn viewed it uneasily, for credulity regarding ghosts and pirates and witches was not confined to the nursery in those days. A boatload of men landed and disappeared, and the next morning the ship also had vanished. Terror fell on the little settlement, especially when it became noised about that a note had been left on the anvil of

High Rock—that cliff of dull red porphyry, marked by a tower which affords a view not parallelled on the New England coast.

the village blacksmith, promising that if he would bring a certain number of shackles and handcuffs to a remote and wooded spot he would find awaiting him their weight in gold. The blacksmith's love of lucre overcame his fear of the devil. He carried the shackles and handcuffs to the appointed spot, left them and scooped in the glittering pile. Then, half fearsomely, the men began to search the woods, leaving the women to scan the seas for the sight of a skull and cross bones against the sky. But the uninvited guests had departed, and it was not until some months later that it was discovered that they had again returned, this time bringing with them a beautiful woman. They selected a narrow valley shut in on two sides by precipitous rocks, from which they could command a view of the sea, and screened by a thick undergrowth of evergreen by which they were completely hidden. During that winter the simple folk of Lynn often speculated about the mysterious glen, and when, in the spring, it was rumored that the beautiful woman had died and was buried near the treasure, a leader, braver than the others, organized a band, hunted out the evil doers, captured three of them and sent them to England where they were promptly hung—this being during England's gibbet

craze. One escaped, and a little later wandered back to the glen. He was a shoemaker and practised his trade harmlessly in the woods, coming to town occasionally. There seems to have been no complaint against him: he neither added to nor subtracted from the ill gotten booty, but simply lived with it. There were tales, of course. Why not, with an ex-pirate for a neighbor? Whether Lynn would have been content to let him stay on unmolested will never be known, for while they were deliberating, an earthquake shook up the town in an alarming fashion. When it came to its senses and took account of stock it found that the entire face of the rock in the Pirate's Glen had been split off, and that the ex-pirate and the treasure were entombed within.

After this Lynn remained apparently unconcerned about the Pirate's Rock until a good many years later when Hiram Marble, directed by a spirit medium, decided to search for the treasure which had been closed by the earthquake doors. It was called Dungeon Rock now, and Hiram worked long and fiercely to excavate a way through a mass of porphyry as hard as adamant. But the spirit medium had sent him on a profitless chase, for he died, like many another seeking but not finding. His son took up the

excavation work, and claimed to have discovered piratical looking relics, but the only money ever unquestionably produced by the Dungeon Rock was that left by the curious at the door grating of the tunnel.

It was to these same woods that Winnepurkit, the Sagamore of Saugus, brought his bride. She was the dusky daughter of Passaconaway, the chief and wizard of the Merrimac county. Passaconaway sent his daughter to her future husband with braves and nobles and fitting ceremony, for they were both mighty chiefs and proud to honor one another. When, after a brief season in the wigwam village of Saugus, the bride announced her desire to return home to visit her father, Winnepurkit sent her back with as distinguished an escort of warriors as had accompanied her before. But when, however, the lady was ready to return and her father sent word to Winnepurkit to arrange again for the body guard, the young husband refused, declaring it beneath his dignity to send his men to bring back what was already his own. It was her father's place to furnish escort. The Chief of the Merrimac retorted that he had sent her once with pomp, and that if she were worth coming she was worth sending for. She was the

squaw of the noble Winnepurkit and not the daughter of the famous Passaconaway. The wrangle continued for some time: the father was perfectly willing to keep his daughter but his dignity forbade him to bestow her twice in the same grandeur. The husband wanted his squaw but his reputation forbade his sending for what was already his own. And while the two chiefs quarrelled interminably, the little wife hung dangling between them, until one night she loosed a canoe and fled down the river to her husband's tribe. But only the broken canoe, empty and wave tossed, reached Saugus the following night.

Besides the early tradition, there is another phase of Lynn's history which will always be memorable, and that was in the early days of its shoemaking before the trade had become specialized as it is today. Then everybody made shoes or parts of them. Practically all the women and girls of the community stitched and bound in their odd minutes at home, making a little extra pin money. The men who worked in the small shops were intelligent and respected citizens, who kept their wits sharpened by having someone read the newspaper aloud to them as they worked. Many of the noted men of that day and region passed an apprenticeship at the Lynn shoe bench. John Green-

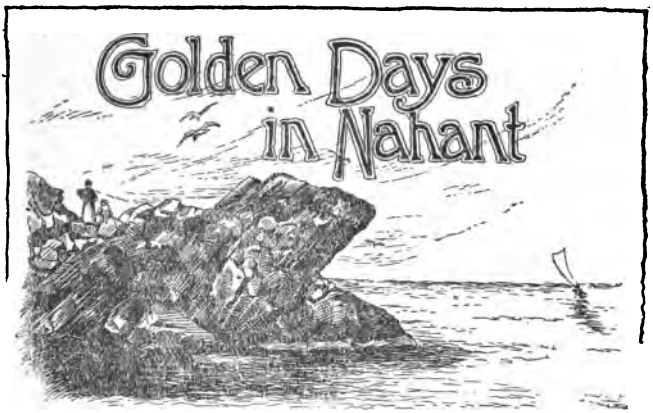
leaf Whittier was one, and William Lloyd Garrison was another. It was one of those informal industries, comparable to cranberrying on Cape Cod a decade ago when everybody—father, mother and children and grandchildren—all went out to pick on the bogs in cranberry season, taking their luncheon, picnic fashion, and transforming the whole affair into a sort of sociable. This friendly and genteel activity was characterictic of Lynn until the sewing machine appeared in 1852, and ten years later steam power was applied to machinery. Then everything changed. Factories and factory conditions became established, and the huge shoe industry of Lynn—which today has an annual payroll of $25,000,000—was born. It is Lucy Larcom's ballad of "Hannah's at the Window Binding Shoes" that best crystallizes, in a form which will always fill a page of every New England history, the spirit of a time when there was certain idyllic touch to the home industries of this country.

This old Lynn of romance and legend and democratic simplicity seems at first glance incalculably removed from modern Lynn with its fifty churches and seven theatres and its myriad complexities of urban life. But to those who like to trace the blending of the old and the new, there is a peculiar satis-

faction in that magnificent boulevard, curving beside the ocean for two long and perfect miles. This shore drive, with automobiles whirling over it and a throng of people constantly moving up and down the wide promenade is a ribbon that binds the past with the present. For after all, it is not the factories and hospitals and postoffices that make Lynn: it is the age-old ocean that, long after the last factory has crumbled, will beat against the long silver beach as it did before the first white men set foot upon it. The sky, the woods and the incomparable shore are the Lynn that is neither ancient nor modern but of all time.

Such flying reflections glance through the mind as one skims along the boulevard to Swampscott and Salem.*

*Longfellow's "Bells of Lynn" have admirably caught the spirit of the "Lynn of all time." Page 167.



CHAPTER IV

GOLDEN DAYS IN NAHANT

Nahant, which was the first genuine summer resort on the New England coast, maintains a gracious prestige to this day, zealously guarding its two treasures—a striking natural beauty, and a history of infinitely varied charm.

The embouldered peninsular, attached to the mainland by the narrowest of necks, rears itself abruptly from the sea—its wild and tattered coastline unmistakable from the ocean or the high inland hills for miles around. It is so conspicuous and so superbly bold that it is delightfully easy to accept the

tradition that the Vikings once landed here—not coming from Lynn by trolley as we do today—but gliding up in their long boats to one of the little coves sheltered by splended spurs of rock quite precipitous enough to appeal to the most intrepid of Norsemen. We cannot verify the exact spot where Thorwald anchored, was attacked by natives, killed and buried —for, after all, a saga is not a Baedeker—but, nevertheless, it seems wholly reasonable to believe that the "rocky promontory," mentioned in the ancient legend, was Nahant, and to believe that the dust of the first adventurer of our race to set foot on this soil, still mingles with the earth we tread today.

Five hundred years passed, and then the Cabots on a voyage of discovery took cognizance of the place: hardy fishermen from England and Brittany, seeking Eldorado, mentioned it: Captain John Smith included it in his map of the coast, and Gosnold and his companions, going back to England after a winter at Cuttyhunk, took back descriptions that might have given Shakespeare his inspiration for the setting of "The Tempest."

One hundred and twenty-five years after the Cabots had come on their brief exploring expedition the Mayflower weighed anchor in Plymouth Harbor, and a

fishing station at Cape Ann was established. And then in 1634, Thomas Dexter drove one of those dashing bargains which illuminate our early colonial records. He bought Nahant from the Indians for a suit of old clothes. For a good many years after this it was held by the Lynn settlers as pasture land. As William Wood, a member of the first settlement has succintly explained, "It is used to put young cattle in, and weather goates and swine, to secure them from woolves. A few posts and rayles across the narrow necke keepes out the woolves and keepes in the cattle." It was at this time that land was offered free to anyone who would bother to clear it, with the result that, in true American style, the trees were promptly leveled to the ground, and what had once been a heavily wooded place became so barren that years later, when people began to consider it a summer resort, several thousand shade trees had to be planted. But in spite of most careful forestry Nahant will never be wooded again—that first ruthless beginning has left an everlasting wake of barreness.

During all the seventeenth century this unparallelled bit of shore and greenery was considered only as a fishing place or a woodlot to furnish fuel to Lynn and Boston. It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth

century that it came gradually into its present use. And yet this complete disregard for a place which would have been crowded with tourists had it been situated on the Mediterranean is quite understandable when we remember what hard working and meagre lives were forced upon the early colonists. They had neither time nor money for recreation: travel was slow and immensely expensive. It never occurred to a family in ordinary circumstances to take a little trip to the seaside or spend the summer months at the shore.

After the Revolutionary War the country recovered from its exhaustion, and commerce gathered to itself and diffused from itself a new life: ships from Salem and Boston went all over the world, fortunes—many of them existing to this day—were made. And with the fortunes came the desire and opportunity for relaxation. Nahant appeared in a new guise: it was the first scene of that phenomenon now so characteristic of the United States— the summer migration. It is rather interesting to try to picture to ourselves those first few scattering visitors. Young men came down in sailboats from Boston, or down in chaises from town, ploughing cheerfully across the two miles of the shingle of Long Beach if the tide hap-

pened to be high—an arduous and difficult trip, which only enhanced its romance. More and more people began to come. Every house became a boarding house. In 1820 a steamboat route from Boston was established, and the steamboat which made the trip in three hours was dubbed the "Eagle" without thought of jocularity. And then a hotel was built and cottages began to spring up. Thus gradually Nahant slipped into the golden period of her long history, when not only "gentleman of wealth and leisure and ladies of taste and refinement, with occasionally noblemen and persons of distinction from Europe," as an old guide book of a hundred years ago says, gathered at the place, but the most distinguished men in the country established the happy custom of summering here.

Then it was that Daniel Webster in the full flush of his fame, William Story, the sculptor and poet, Robert C. Winthrop, senator and speaker of the house, Choate fresh from the triumphs of the bar, Oliver Wendell Holmes and George William Curtis formed a coterie which has never been equalled before or since in the history of the United States. One may see the modest cottage of Mrs. Hannah Hood where Motley began his "Dutch Republic" and stand where Longfellow stood when he listened to the sweet sounds

which were long after echoed in the verses "The Bells of Lynn." There has never assembled a more brilliant American gathering than that which congregated at Nahant in those days, and as we stroll along the pleasant roads with their careless, prosperous informality our sense of enjoyment quickens as we remember that here walked Charles Sumner, President Felton of Harvard and Judge Prescott.*

And the thing which brought them to Nahant brings the summer visitors today. The gloriously wild shore with its crags and castellated cliffs standing sharp against the blue Atlantic: the rocks with their myriad shadows: the sea with its ceaseless rhythm. As we walk along the Cliff Walk where so many of the wise and the foolish, the simple and great have trod before us, the same curiosities of rock formation which were, doubtless, pointed out to them with admiring forefinger, are pointed out to us. There is Pulpit Rock—a perennial lure to small boys to scramble up its sheer rough sides, Natural Bridge, The Spouting Horn, Irene's Grotto, The Sisters, Egg Rock—an isolated, surf-incircled islet crowned with a lighthouse eighty feet above the sea. One never tires of enumerating the wonders of this beloved coast.

While it is still untamed— for who can tame the

*Story's verses are fraught with a reminiscent sentiment that brings Nahant curiously close to us. Page 169.

winds and waves and the cliffs?—yet there is everywhere that mellowness of a place which has been constantly frequented. Lynton and Lynmouth recur to the memory, not because their mild grace is comparable to this stark grandeur, but because of the similar sense of companionship with those who have passed this way before which clings to those favorite English haunts.

Musing on the famous Cliff Walk, which hugs the jutting steeps and ledge and affords the windiest and dazzlingest of promenades, one likes to picture the long boats of the Vikings which may have anchored here, eyed with suspicion and hatred by the red skinned Indians: the few carefully guarded cows from Lynn which grazed serenely in their oases of safety: the undaunted little sailboats, tossing down from Boston like cockle shells with their cargo of young men off for a holiday: and then the first steamer, the trolley line across the neck, the first automobile—— and now—a neat and homelike village, with an attractive club house and library and town hall: with a goodly quota of spacious summer homes which are rather inaccurately called "cottages," and many well-built all-the-year-around houses.

There is every variety of summer life at Nahant to-

day. Over at Bass Point the excursion steamers from Revere land and empty upon the beach their loads of merry-go round riders and imbibers of ice-cream cones. There is a dancing pavilion and a band stand: cafes and all the paraphernalia for what is considered "popular amusement."

But the genuine Nahant residents hold themselves aloof from such frivolity. The dignified residence of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge maintains the tone which was struck a half a century ago, and of which the present day successors of those celebrities are fully and proudly aware.

Brown limbed children sprawl on the rocks of the little beaches which are tucked with their bathhouses into the sheltered coves. Comfortable automobiles pass in leisurely fashion up the unpretentious streets. Here and there a stranger peers, seeking for "The Swallows Cave" or Agassiz's cottage, where he wrote "Brazil."*

It is a long time indeed, since the day when Thomas Dexter bought the promontory from the Indians for a suit of old clothes: a long time from the big snow storm of 1717 when the deer, venturing out of the woods were pursued by "woolves" and plunged headlong into the sea and were drowned: a long time from

*It is interesting to read Longfellow's sonnet on Agassis in this connection. Page 170.

1749 when hay was so scarce it had to be imported from England. And a long time, too, since Longfellow walked arm-in-arm with Tom Appleton—that wit and artist and man of letters—and Willis' flashing pen struck that description of Nahant which has clung to it all these years of "a mailed fist stretching out into the sea."

We have records of all the early dwellers of Nahant but one: Longfellow and Whittier and Mrs Sigourney enshrined in their poetry this place of their delight: Willis and Curtis sang its praises in prose that was read all over the country fifty years ago: even the militia from Lynn who were sent out to kill these much discussed "woolves" are mentioned in the town records. But of the Indians, those first fierce and faithful lovers of the place, we have no record except the name, Nahant. And that name—meaning the Twins—has not been altered. Even the men who cut down every tree left the word untouched. Perhaps they felt even if they did not know the warning of the Persian sage who charges us: "Change not barbarous names, for they are given of God, and have an inexpressible efficacy."

CHAPTER V

IN SALEM'S TREASURE HOUSE

It was in 1799 that some old sea captains were swapping yarns, and were earnestly substantiating their recitals by proof positive in the form of curios. Determined to convince, one produced a rhinoceros horn, another an elephants tooth, another a two-stemmed pipe from Sumatra—and lo! the Peabody Academy was created!

To be sure, it was not called the Peabody Academy until George Peabody left his money and his name to what is now one of the most valuable of all the muse-

ums in Essex County. But the rhinosceros horn and the elephants tooth and the two stemmed pipe were undoubtedly responsible for the present institution, and in glancing back to them we cleave a swift path through one of the most varied and glowing bits of history in America.

Let us linger for a morning in this still and well-ordered Marine room, where lie the clues to all the ramifications of the past, and let them lead us, like the magic thread of Theseus, through the winding chambers of memory back to the splendid days of the last century when Salem's wharves were crowded with vessels—barks and brigs and schooners—bringing in a yearly import worth $7,000,000 in duties alone: when wagons crowded the water front and a forest of tall slender masts rose against the sky: when sailors in pigtails and on sea legs chaffered at the corners or bowled down Derby Street to Kit's Dancing Hall: when the ship candler's shops were full, and sailmakers sat cross-legged in their lofts and stitched the great white sheets of canvas: when sea captains in ruffled shirt fronts issued grandly out from their spacious mansions to watch a neighbor's vessels set sail for Zanzabar, Ceylon or Madagascar. For al-

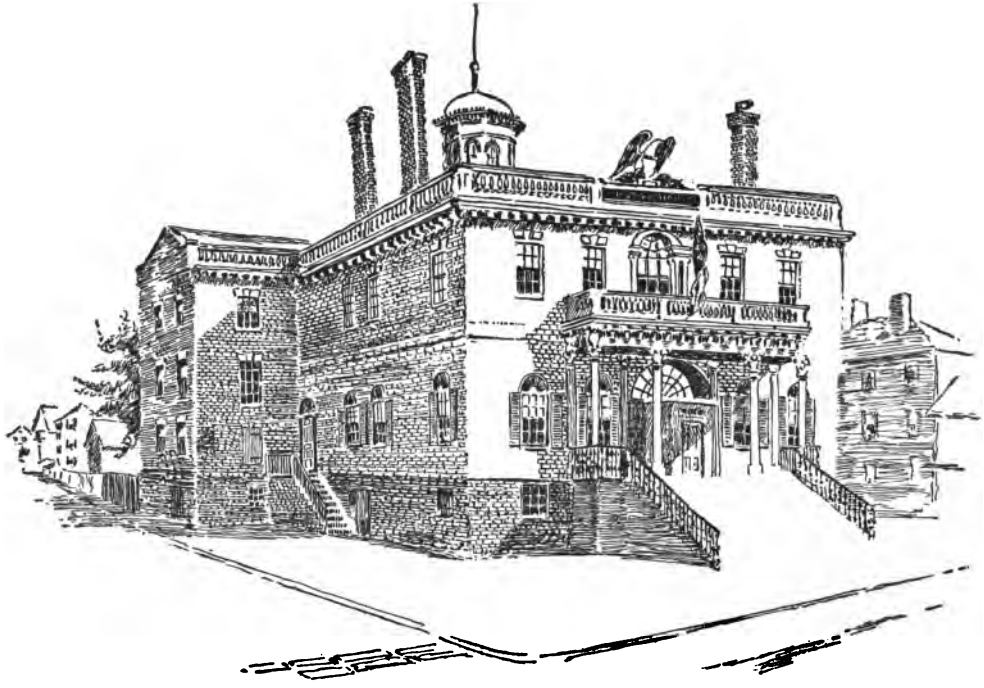
most every day some ship fared forth, not to be heard of for a year perhaps, or maybe two, prepared with guns and small cannon to meet pirates on the high seas and cannibals in the Pacific. From this harbor sailed the "Atlantic" the first vessel to carry the American flag to Bombay and Calcutta: the "Light Horse" with its cargo of sugar to open up our trade with Russia: the "Grand Turk" to bring silks and nankeens from Bavaria. Nearly everybody had investments, picturesquely called "adventures," in the voyages of these vessels, and fortunes piled high at the time of the Revolution when other ports were closed.

Mariners born in the shadow of Roger Conant's house were in Japan fifty years before Commodore Perry, in Guam a century before it was added to the United States picket line, and held in prison in France and England, Spain and Algeria. The Salem lad was a cabin boy at fourteen, a captain at twenty, and at forty had amassed a fortune and retired to live at leisure in the big house he had hung with trophies from over the seas.

Look at their portraits hanging on the walls of this quiet Academy which is now their home: the strong boyish face of Nathaniel Silsbee, Merchant of Salem and United States Senator: the dignified mien of the

President of the East India Marine Society: the bronzed faces and keen eyes of Master Mariners, Skilled Navigators and Ship Masters—magnetic with the sense of conscious power which marks the young and fortunate. For Salem's brilliant prosperity flowered while she was still young and sturdy: there was no time for the gradual enervation of wealth, but only the wholesome acceptance of the bountiful fruits of the earth.

In this small room are preserved mementos as well as portraits of men who made Salem famous. One may examine images like those seen through the far end of a telescope—minute and scrupulous reproductions of merchant vessels, precisely as they were rigged in each detail when they set forth for Arabia or Vancouver. Here are whaling instruments, harpoon lances, models of fishing appliances, and sextants of two hundred years ago. Here, too, are objects made by the sailors on their long voyages; whales teeth, curiously carved, "jagging wheels"cut in fantastic shapes from ivory: sailors knots—mute souvenirs of tedious hours of half-bored competition while the ship plowed around Cape Horn. Here is an ivory pricker used in sail making, a "mackerel plow" to split the fish and score the inner flesh, a tatting



The Custom House where Hawthorne worked still faces the wharves to which once were brought a yearly import worth $7,000,000 in duties alone.

shuttle and bodkin, fashioned, perhaps, with gentler, more silent thoughts of home. And here are shelves and shelves of the objects brought on the return voyage: tinkling pagodas, necklaces of shell and beads, tartar boots, idols, corals, war clubs, palanquins, minerals, stuffed gorillas and leopards and gaily plumaged tropical birds. These are still left to tell the story of those lavish argosies, as rich as any pirate ship that ever floated on enchanted waters. The ginger has disappeared from the quaint round ginger jars: the monkeys that swung from their perches and the parrots that chattered from their cages in the shops of every corner dealer—these have gone the way of all flesh. But the touch of Orientalism which once made this New England town different from all other New England towns before or since, still lingers here like the faded colors in a once sumptuous rug.

This Orientalism is one of the several links in the rather curious similarity between Salem and Venice. There is little now in the modern second-rank metropolis with its steam cotton mills to remind one of the city of lagoons, but nevertheless the lives of the two run in peculiarly close parallels. Both were originally asylum cities, both began as fisherfolk in rude

huts, engaged in free boating and small trading in convenient waters. All communication, social and commercial, between the log built villages along the shores of Salem was originally carried on in dugouts or canoes, crude, frail affairs, not unlike the early craft of Venice. This maritime commerce gradually grew until Salem gained, first the monopoly of the salt fish trade—again like Venice—then a more general market, and finally, like that other mistress of the seas, undertook the importation of silks and spices and precious commodities, and became magnificent. The leading commercial families formed an aristocracy not unlike the "close gild" of Venice, and when the Revolution shut one port after another from Savannah to Boston, Salem rose to a period commenserable with the zenith of her Italian Sister in the fifteenth century. And just as the discovery of the Cape Route to the the Indies, diverting the stream of traffic from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, cut the taproot of the prosperity of the latter, so the railroad which sent all Salem's activities through the gateway of Boston, sounded the first note of her decline. And finally it is not stretching the comparison too far to recall that since the maritime decay of Venice the beauty of her palaces has remained an enduring attraction, and that

although the commercial prestige of Salem has long since waned, each year sheds a brighter luster on those remnants of colonial architecture which border her streets and are not equalled anywhere else in the length and breadth of this country.

Take the Pickering house on Broad Street, with its spreading trees, its curiously shaped chimney, narrow hallways and winding stairs. It was built two hundred and fifty years ago, and has ever since been kept in the possession of the same distinguished family. Take the Andrews house in Washington Square, gray faced and white trimmed, with a circular porch and tall colums fashioned of bricks that were dipped in burning oil to preserve them. The pillars are balasted with rock salt that John Andrew's ships brought back from Russia a hundred years ago. The stairway in the Pickman house is ornamented with carved and gilded codfish—a naive explanation of the origin of the family fortune. The Pickman Brook house place boasts an opening in the window blind where the spy glass used to rest as it sighted the incoming ships, while on the ceiling of the cupola sails forever a fresco of the Derby fleet. On Federal Street stands the Assembly Hall where Washington and Lafayette danced, and now as then it maintains a personality dignified

and serene, with Ionic entrance and fluted pilasters. Chestnut Street is lined with mansions, square, well built, not a little suggestive in their proportions of buildings of the Italian renaissance. Some of these Salem dwellings have paved courtyards, nearly all have big old fashioned gardens, and besides these common possessions each one jealously guards its especial treasure—such as a stairway with a twisted baluster and newel post, a handsome wainscoting, carved panels or a secret closet. The porte cochère of the Emmerton house on Essex street is one of the most perfect specimens in this country, and the doorways, many of them made from bits of shaped wood, pillars and columns brought over in the cumbersome holds of those ships which plied between this and the mother country, are the despair and rapture of antiquarians and architects. Rich in carving and brave in new paint and shining knockers, they shut behind their portals the memory of their golden days. Golden days, indeed, when Salem had a mandarin in her own right—Generaral Frederick Ward who led the Chinese troops against the Tai Ping rebels and was rewarded with the red button and the peacock feather of a mandarin of the first rank, and honored after his death by a temple and a pagoda in the land of his prowess, as

well as a decree that he be worshipped as a deity. He married a Chinese wife, and his portrait hangs in the pleasant Essex Institute as placidly as if he had never swung through such an extraodinary cycle of experience, nor stirred from the conventionalities of a New England town. Days when the houses had folding doors that could be turned back and thus convert the whole lower floor into a ball room, where gentlemen in ruffs and ladies in powder curtsied demurely in the candle light through the long numbers of the minuet. Then it was that merchants were called Kings, and Elias Hasket Derby—he whose cupola bears the frescoed Derby fleet—dying, left the largest private fortune accumulated in America's eighteenth century.

But these days were not the oldest days. Before the tide of wealth broke on Salem's shore bearing on its crest the ambition for stately mansions hung with balconies and sweetened with gardens, simple gambrel roofed homes, very charming and unpretentious, were considered quite sufficient. Many of these gambrel roofed houses still stand in fair preservation, not yet wholly wearied by the long procession of births, marriages and deaths that pass in

and out—in and out—in solemn inevitability over their worn thresholds.

And before the gambrel roofed house there was the plain frame house with low ceilings showing hand-hewn beams, a lean-to, and a long sweep of shingled roof. In the rear of the Essex Institute stands a very remarkable example of this era—second story overhang, diamond paned windows, well-sweep, bucket, little corner shop and all. There is even a posy bed in which are allowed to grow only those flowers which were cultivated in Salem before 1700, and near by is a shoemaker's shop with the benches and tools of 1830.

While there is hardly a street or yard in Salem that has not embedded in itself one of the somber or gay threads of her long history, yet it is in the Peabody Academy and Essex Institute, two buildings almost directly opposite each other on Essex Street, that these multifarious filaments are gathered into a master tapestry, so clearly woven that even the most casual may read, and so comprehensive that even the scholar may study with profit.

It is characteristic of the completeness of the Institute that it should also contain a complete and life sized reproduction of the interior of the house whose

exterior stands in the rear. Here is the kitchen, its floor sanded, its open fire place flanked by a roasting jack and a wooden settle, its walls decorated with wooden trenches and bread troughs, with a handmade clock and corner cupboard. In the bedroom stands an old fashioned fourposter, impressive in its full number of hangings—it took twenty-eight pieces to make the complete set—and a trundle bed peeps out from under the maternal petticoat. Here hangs a framed sampler: on the painted floor lies a braided rug. The Franklin stove—that grateful innovation—is cornered by a winged chair, and on the high-boy are ranged those entrancing painted band boxes that gave the final feminine touch to the stage coaches as they lumbered out of town. The parlor is also complete: the pictorial paper, the hand carved mantel, the spinet made in Salem, and the Sheraton sofa and chairs, all typical of the home of 1750.

These four rooms fill one side of the big hall and are barred off from profane intrusion. But the atmosphere of the past does not end with the end of this charming series. All about the other three sides stand relics of long ago: old walnut and maple chairs, chests and yarn reels, a settle brought from Normandy by the Huguenots in 1687, hand mills, hair cloth trunks,

and even a prodigiously clumsy one horse chaise. There is quite a remarkable collection of the costumes of 1819: bonnets and mantles and wedding garments, infants' clothes with their infinitely fine stitches, christening blankets and ball gowns of a generation long since turned to dust. Wonderful it is and rather solemn that a museum can catch and hold under its glass cases so much of the aroma of a day that is dead.

In the library, which is under the same roof but across the hall, are over a thousand log books, filled out in the careful penmanship of a more painstaking age, many of them illuminated in sketch work in pen and ink and in colors comparable in nicety to the lovingly wrought missals of medieval times.

Standing thus and looking at the earthly trappings of men and women whose very names have become obliterated on their tombstones, we can think of the darkest episode in the history of Salem with the curious detachment with which one turns the pages of an ancient book.

The witchcraft craze was a madness that swept New England. The grewsome fear swept over all the colonies, and in Salem in the winter of 1692 the fear foamed into a fury. The people of that sedate town,

once roused to action, refused to be deflected from their stern resolve to sweep such heathenish machinations swiftly and forever from their sacred borders. Tituba—an African servant who filled the minds of some hysterical children with superstitions and incantations, and subsequently threw them into fits in which they accused her of witchcraft—Sarah Good and Sarah Osborne were the first to be examined, found guilty and hanged. The superstition was on, and Salem went wild with terror. Accusations were no longer confined to women of Tituba's stamp, but people of character were implicated and convicted on the most trivial of evidence. Everybody believed everything, and suspected everybody else of diabolical compacts, and secret leagues with the Devil. "Spectral evidence" by a deluded child was sufficient to indite a minister or a woman of repute. For one terrific year Salem was a veritable fiery furnace of indignation. Nineteen supposed witches were hanged on Gallows Hill—none were burned in this town of delicate distinctions in the ways of death. And then the wave subsided. Saddened and sombered, Reason came back to her own, and the judges bowed their heads in repentance. Gallows Hill remains today bare of cultivation, black and ragged: a few crooked

and rusted pins, which were supposed to have been used by the witches to torture their innocent victims, are exhibited in the court house to the curious. Salem is sorry for her mistake, but does not ignore the picturesque elements of that era.

But there are no mementos of that other fantastic error into which she fell almost immediately after her recovery from this one—and this was the cruel persecution of the Quakers. One can buy witch spoons in silver and gold, and stick pins with an evil visaged old woman astride a broom stick; one may climb Gallows Hill and read the death warrant of poor foolish Briget Bishop. But nowhere is preserved the whip that scourged the backs of the unfortunate Quaker folk who offended through their very inoffensiveness.

Thus Salem, like a preserve of her own making, piled the enchantment of architecture upon the excitement of legend, the rich flavor of history upon the intoxicating aroma of adventure, the piquancy of too sweet, too bitter tradition upon the light power of gayety. And in due time came one who drew a silver blade and carved a slice of the fruity mixture, and placing it upon the embossed salver of his imagination, laid it before the world. For as an angelic

face sometimes seems to form from the shadows of a chamber hung with gently moving tapestries, so from the tradition-laden atmosphere of Salem, with its sumptuous old mansions, its gilded mirrors and brocaded chairs, carved doors and gleaming white mantels, with its well kept museums and wide shaded streets and its ghostly ranks upon ranks of ancient chronicle, formed the delicate and melancholy genius of Hawthorne.

One sees how every phase of his environment laid a deepening shade upon his pensive temperament. The gambrel roofed cottage at 7 Union Street, where he was born; the ugly house at 10½ Herbert Street, where he spent his solitary youth, and which has lately been turned into a still uglier "three decker," but still clasps the "little window" under the eaves: the residence at 53 Charter Street to which he came as a lover and which still stands, shabby, low studded, cornered by a graveyard: the Custom House where he worked unjoyously—facing the delapidated wharves—all of these mingled in a soft and composite picture which he threw again and again on the screen of his romances.

Salem is rich in Hawthorne memorials, but the glamor flushes most rosily over the House of Seven

Gables, where "the Dutchess" lived and where the novelist often came, contented to sit in the white panelled parlor and look out through the deep windows across the garden sloping down to the sea.

The house with its heavy oak door studded with iron nails, its tiny gift shop—Hepzibah's shop—its long low dining room and its concealed stairway, is exquisitely preserved. And if the guardians have too conscientiously charted and named each room in accordance with the story—for one may see Phoebe's chamber and Clifford's chamber, and the spot where Judge Pyncheon sat dead—(in spite of Hawthorne's assertion that his "house" was built of materials long since used for constructing "castles in the air") nevertheless, it is entirely fascinating and well worth a fee of admission. Near the many-peaked abode a little bakery, restored to its condition of two hundred and fifty years ago, its hand hewn beams crudely ornamented with auger holes, and hand-split clapboards, untouched by modernism, is another milestone on the road back to yesterday.

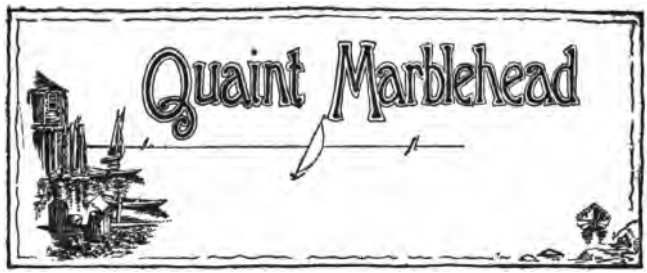
"The House of Seven Gables" flickers with the lights and shadows of fancy, but "The Scarlet Letter" glows with the intensity of a more vital purpose. In this tragedy Hawthorne climbed to the summit of

his art. And here in the Essex Institute, from which we need hardly have stirred in all our wanderings, lies under glass the very volume which bears the statute which suggested the theme—a grim transcript of man's spirit in a grim time. It was Sir James M. Barrie who thought this blurred and terrible little book the most curious of all Salem's reliquae.

For, after all, the ends and the beginnings of Salem's history are gathered up in her two treasure houses, to be preserved for generations of those who care to ponder over them. Could Pegasus be pictured as a span, could the imagination be the reins to guide, then in a golden car to whom distance is nothing and time a mist, one might wheel back through the decades of city that once lived to the full in romance and delight.

The trip is over: the enchanted coursers lose their magic shape and become mere buildings of wood and stone, with shelves of tabulated cases. The reins of imagination drop from our hands: the golden car dissolves. We stand on the noisy Essex Street of a modern city, and hear the whistle of the train that is to bear us away.

*Salem made a profound impression upon Story which he has delightfully preserved for us in rhyme. Page 171.



CHAPTER VI

QUAINT MARBLEHEAD

Down a narrow tumbling road, around a corner, up a hill—around a corner and down a hill—a sharp turn to the left, a crooked turn to the right, houses packed as tight as sardines in a box, some facing the street, some standing sideways to it, and gardens or graveyards in every patch as big as a pocket handkerchief—there never was such a higgle-ty-piggle-ty place in all the world as the town of Marblehead.

Here is a straggling lane down to the sea; there is one bordered by a gray stone wall and knarled willows opening to rock riddled pastures. In the rear of that old fisherman's house lies an overturned catboat being "caulked," and in his neighbor's front yard is a dory, domesticated into a nasturtium bed.

We pass the handsome white house where Elbridge Gerry, signer of the Declaration of Independence, Governor of Massachusetts and Vice President of the United States, was born. Down a slope and along a side street: there is the house of Skipper Ireson, central figure of Whittier's poem which has been declaimed by three generations of amateur elocutionists.

"———He sailed away
From the leaking ship in Chaleur Bay—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own townspeople on her deck."

And for this evidence of his "hard heart" he was

"Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead."

Marbleheaders have long declared this popular ditty to be untrue. But at all events the skipper's house is still pointed out among the first of historic landmarks—yellow, shabby, unspectacular.*

Round a corner and up a devious grade, "The Brig," neat, cheerful for all its eerie history—smiles demurely down upon us. It was here that Edward Dimond—pronounced a wizard by the simple fishermen of his day—spun his supernatural tales, and where his daughter, Moll Pitcher, was born, she whose

*The poem is given in full on page 173.

occult powers were of such a penetrating order that she must not be confused with vulgar fortune tellers, but regarded as one of those gifted psychics who leave no successor and no key to their mysteries. Three more turns and a blind alley: we pass the "Spite House," a decaying earthly remnant of a feud long since dissolved by death: down a break-neck incline and two more turns—there is the Old Powder house, which held the ammunition of the thrifty inhabitants during the French and Indian and Revolutionary Wars and the War of 1812. It stands in well preserved stolidity, complacently unaware of the proportions of a modern magazine.

What? Another turn? One understands why the horses look sleek here: what speed is possible in a labyrinth of streets that would make Clovelly look like a boulevard? And what happens to automobiles? One scrutinizes the pedestrians to see if they have developed some anatomical peculiarity from stumping over these terrestrial vicissitudes.

These plain houses, flush with streets that bear the names of the patriots Captain John Selman—naval officer in the Revolution, and Colonel Azor Orne, another of our Vice Presidents—these houses sheltered merchantmen and navigators, stern judges and up-

right statesmen in colonial days: now many of them have "Antiques" painted on their front doors, and blue plates alluringly arranged in their small paned windows.

The old Town House stands by itself on a little oasis in Market Square, dumb witness to town meetings for over one hundred and seventy years: it was the scene of the recruiting of the famous Marblehead regiment in 1776, and the assembling of the Marblehead Light Infantry in April, 1861. Now the Grand Army has its headquarters there: a flag waves languidly from the loft up under the roof, and traffic eddies desultorily around it.

Pushing our way along the meandering street, we see people suddenly appear from little flights of steps that connect one irrelevant thoroughfare with another: everything is criss cross and up and down, and incredibly involved; the points of the compass shift confusedly with those of the weather vane.

That gambrel roof we are passing bears half a hundred bullets in its stout timbers: this one at the junction of Hooper and Lee streets had that corner sliced off so that Lafayette's carriage could pass by; in yonder modest house lived Evalina Bray, Whittier's first and only love; on the King Hooper Mansion, once as

In Barnegat, were sailors in pigtails and women in kerchiefs and hobnailed shoes conferred in a strange patois which was no more a part of the English language than Marblehead was part of the Puritan commonwealth.

magnificent as its title suggests, with banquet hall and coat of arms, a tea-room sign is swinging.

Marblehead is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque towns on the United States. It is, and always has been, entirely different from the other New England settlements. At the time when Salem was determinedly laying down the law and abiding by it, Marblehead was engaged in smuggling with all the composture of a legitimate occupation. While Ipswich was piously fining the wives of its deacons for wearing silk bonnets to church, notorious pirates openly stalking the streets of that section still called "Barnegat," and sailors in pigtails, citizens in periwigs, and women in kerchiefs and hobnailed shoes conferred in a strange gutteral patois, which never was a part of the English language any more than Marblehead was part of the Puritan commonwealth.

There is a pungency in the tradition—well authenticated—that in the early days when none but church members might hold office under the Puritan law, Marblehead having no church members, settled the question by dispensing with all government for nearly half a century—and settled it with a profanity which added to the horror of its well-behaved neighbors.

For the men who landed on this surf-swept ledge

were not looking for farms but codfish: as soon as the boys were old enough to pull an oar they followed the men to sea, while the women stayed at home and did the shore work. In the fishing season there were no more men in sight than in those deserted Italian villages to-day, where a handful of women and a few goats are all that are left after the yearly immigration to America.

For half a century after the first rude cabins were raised there was no settled minister and no schoolmaster. When strangers appeared on the streets they were hospitably pelted with stones; when sailors landed they were treated to a glass of grog or a pipe full of "dog leg" or "pig tail." What could be more natural than that a multitude of superstitions and wierd legends, lawless customs and curious dialects should spring up, and that two centuries should not succeed in levelling them to the dull tone of the commonplace?

Thus it was that the old English custom of saluting the moon had its counterpart in Marblehead, where the young girls, on nights when the moon appeared, would gather at some house to catch a glimpse into the future. They would hang an iron pot of tallow over the open fire and one by one take turns in dropping hob nails into it. If a young man should enter the

room he would surely become the husband of the girl who at that moment had dropped the nail. The belief, too, that if a maiden should throw a ball of yarn out into the street, the young man who stopped to pick it up would become her lover, gave rise to many romances. These and a hundred more old folk tales were retold from one generation to another and followed conscientiously by the maids of Marblehead. Of course they had their witch,

"Old Mammy Redd
Of Marblehead,"

who soured the milk in the churn and spirited away the linen and pewter and plagued the cattle and crossed young lovers. She was hanged, chiefly upon old wives' gossip, and the Marblehead superstitions continued as before.

There are two stories connected with Marblehead which every stranger should know, and which have given the theme to more than one novel. The history of Agnes Surriage has been recited so many times that one cannot improve upon its telling, but it contains such indistructable elements of romance that no one need hesitate to try. Ouida and Henry James could both find material here.

Sir Harry Frankland, heir to an baronetcy in England, handsome, dashing, youthful, collector of the Port at Boston, was called to Marblehead to locate smugglers. But at the Fountain Inn where he stopped he met an enemy more destructive to his peace of mind than all the smugglers in creation—an enchanting, barefooted, sixteen-year old girl, industriously scrubbing the floor. Sir Harry, brilliant man of the world and haughty man of fashion, lost his steel clad British heart there and then, and after some rather pretty parlaying took the fisherman's daughter to Boston as his ward to have her educated. All went well until the little girl grew apace, her beauty increased, and her intelligent young mind expanded. And then Sir Harry, bewitched and bewildered, found himself in desperate plight. He could not lay his umblemished name and title at a scrub girl's feet, and he would not relinqiush the radiant treasure almost within his grasp. Tradition has it that she settled the vexed question herself: she was made to love and to be loved: she ignored worldly warnings and seized the larger issue.

But Puritanical Boston would sanction no such freedom. She might have gone back to her scrubbing, or have been hidden somewhere by her lover: but to

frankly live an adoring and joyous life of shame was not to be tolerated. So Sir Harry built a fine house in Hopkinton and developed a great plantation where he and Agnes Surriage lived for several years. The hospitality of the mansion and the charm of the lady of the manor still cling to Hopkinton by-ways, for although the elect passed by on the other side with eyes cast down, strangers visiting the province, men of learning wit and parts, the poor and the oppressed of the neighborhood often sought the shelter of those deep porches and the welcoming cheer within. In course of time Sir Harry even ventured to take the Marblehead maid to England with him to visit his family who promptly refused to recognize her. Finally he was called to Lisbon on business, and there their life was less critisized. But when the fair, faithful lady who had suffered the humiliation of her position so many years begged for the title of wife, it was denied her.

When in 1755 the great earthquake shook down the city of Lisbon, Sir Harry lay with many others under a crumpled wall. Agnes Surriage, qiuckened by her love and sustained by the endurance born to Marblehead girls searched frantically until she found the spot where he lay, and then tugged at

the stones and dug with her hands and screamed for help until she rescued him: whereupon her lover, touched by so heroic a passion, made her Lady Frankland. And then the elect of London and of Boston lifted their eyes and held out their hands and admitted her into their midst, and to this day relics of the splendid estate at Hopkinton are sold at fancy prices: the site of the house on Beacon Hill where she was shunned, and the fountain of the Inn in Marblehead where Sir Harry first saw the dainty ankles of Agnes Surriage as she scrubbed the floor for his passing, are pointed out to strangers.*

Although Marblehead never boasted the aristocratic dwellings of Salem, nevertheless one of the very finest mansions of all colonial times is preserved here, and as it is the property of the Historical Society, is accessable to all. It was built in 1768 and cost ten thousand pounds: about one hundred feet long and sixty deep, three stories, of brick—originally clapboarded—both the design and the timber came from England. There is a magnificent hall, running from front to back, with panelled walls and a sumptuously wide stairway with baluster of twisted and polished mahogany. The picture wall paper, the perfect panelling, the secret stairway, the finished cornices

*Even Oliver Wendell Holmes could not resist the temptation to versify this romantic tale. Page 176.

and the handwrought nails all deepen the beauty of the picture which the imagination so readily reconstructs. In the kitchen food for a hundred could be prepared, as in a Medicean palace, and from the side hall opened the door to the slave quarters. It is not difficult to image Washington in these spacious chambers as he was in 1789, as were Munroe, Lafayette and Andrew Jackson later. The regality of the proportions is proud proof of its glory.

Another unique building in Marblehead is St. Michael's Church—the second oldest in this country. It was brought from England in its entirety, framework, pews, altar, gallery and reredos, and set up in 1714 on the spot where it now stands. The organ that played the wedding march for George Washington and Mary Custis in Philadelphia has been brought here, and a silver cross made from the ancestral plate of a Marblehead family gleams in the tranquil light. It is a small church, in spotless preservation, with many treasures locked within its simple walls: altar clothes embroidered in real pearls and real topazes: an alms basin of solid silver too heavy to be used: a brass chandelier which was presented by the port collector of the port of Bristol, England in 1732. One may see the place above the chancel where King

George's Coat of Arms was torn down by excited citizens the day when Independance was declared, and the bell that was rung on that same day until it cracked. Like many other old churches in New England it has its cemetery around it, but unlike the others it has a sepulchre beneath its floor where, for over a hundred years, pew holders were privileged to lay their dead.

Up from the precipitous shores of Marblehead jut lofty headlands from which the visitor may catch a sweeping panorama of the most popular yachting port on the Atlantic seaboard. There is Crocker Park and Fort Glover, Peach's Point and innumerable others, but perhaps there is no place in all Marblehead more poignant and impressive than the old Burying Hill. The ancient gravestones of those earliest inhabitants have been erected, not in a secluded valley such as we associate with the last resting place of those who have toiled hard, but upon the summit and the sides of a flinty hill, windswept and barren. Whitefield, when he visited the brine-drenched village and saw the houses clinging to the ledges and the roads straggling as best they might between the ridges which dissect the town, asked mildly, "But where do they bury their dead?" For indeed, there

seems hardly enough earth to cover them! But they were buried on the hill so as to be near the church, and the church on those days needs must be on a hill top so that the sentinels might see the Indians if they approched at time of worship. There is something rather touching in the reflection that those sturdy men of Marblehead might not be granted peace even in death, but must lie forever on a wind lashed hill, from whence a vigilant watch against the enemy could be held.

There are venerable gravestones here, carved slate ones against which the rains have beaten for two hundred years, and faintly arabesqued with quaint inscriptions and ornamentation. Perhaps the inscription on the Great Gale Monument will give us a moment's pause, reminding us how frail are man-made vessels in the fury of the storm. It reads:

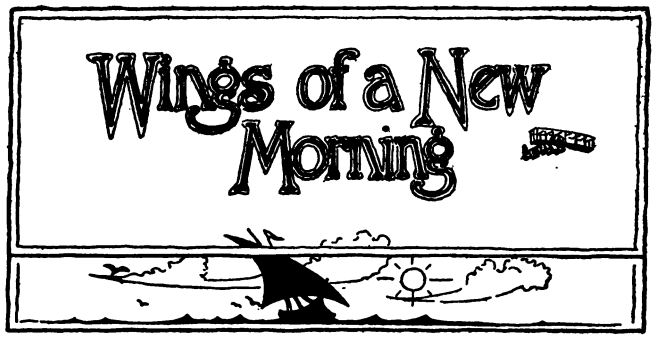
"LOST
On the Grand Banks of Newfoundland
In the Memorable Gale of September 1846.
65 Men and Boys
43 Heads of Families
155 Fatherless Children
'The sea shall give up the dead that were in it.' "

The site of the Fountain Inn where Agnes Surriage looked up, shy and startled, at the gold lace and brocade of the youthful customs collector: the Old Brig where Moll Pitcher first opened those eyes which were to see so many sad and strange visions of this world and the next, before they closed in death—these lie to the leeward of the graveyard. One can see the spire of Abbot Hall where the spirited figures of Willard's famous canvas march forever onward, and the spire of the Catholic Church—that "Star of the Sea," by which many a vessel has steered her course. Out in the harbor are sonder boats and catboats: motor boats, yachts, knockabouts, ferries. From the shore of Marblehead Neck and its summer colony rise the outlines of the Corinthian and Eastern Yacht Clubs. The Boston Yacht Club is across the harbor. A little later a star will twinkle from the twin lights of Baker's Island, from Marblehead Light on the Point, from Hospital Light in Beverly and far to the south from Minot's Ledge.

It is all here—the new life and the old. The bones of those rough fisherfolk who swore and drank and pirated and fished two centuries ago, the shreds and patches of the uniforms worn by earnest patriots who fought so passionately on land and sea, mingle

without discrimination with the dust of black and faithful slaves.

From this Burying Hill one can look down into Marblehead with its streets, spattering against the ridges and flowing jerkily along the lines of least resistance. Those crooked lanes with their crowded houses lead back into the past. But over yonder, to the west, lies the wide state highway, with automobiles flashing smoothly by—past Marblehead, on to the life of today—on to Beverly and Manchester.



CHAPTER VII

THE WINGS OF A NEW MORNING

Those astonishing advertisements of cities where one may see Cleopatra chatting affably with Daniel Boone, and Aeneas languidly gossiping with Queen Elizabeth and Huckleberry Finn, are not more surprising than the phenomenon which the passersby in Marblehead may witness almost any day. For the former is an assemblage of incongruities deliberately composed for the very obvious purpose of the moving picture business: and the latter is one of those unconsciously striking and vivid examples of twentieth century progress in a seventeenth century setting.

One of the largest aeroplane factories in this country is at Marblehead, and half an hour from the city of Salem, where two hundred years ago men and women

were hanged for displaying supernatural powers, men in strangely quivering vehicles are gliding out on the water, rising into the air, and then circling round and round like monstrous birds, flying freely across and forward and back, then decending and alighting with perfect equanimity.

Since the outbreak of the European War the aeroplane business has established itself on an entirely practical basis. Even those who have never actually seen one accept the fact of its existance as calmly as that of the telephone or automobile. But in spite of our sophistication there is still something inexplicable that sends a healthy thrill up our spines, and wrings an involuntary "ah-h" from our lips when we see these latest and most audacious of all man's inventions scaling the invisible ladder to the sky—rising up over our heads—and floating out to sea.

This same sense of awe lingers as we are taken through the factory and see the shining linen sails, taut and gleaming, the unassuming little engines, and the immense rudders which are to control the machine.

There are a hundred and fifty men working furiously on the hydro-aeroplanes in this factory which was once a shipyard. They are stitching the vast pieces of linen on sewing machines that carry incredibly

Far out over the harbor the flight of an aviator above the irregular shoreline of the New England coast.

huge spools of thread and stitch two rows at a time: they are shaping by hand the graceful mahogany propellers, unholstering the compact bodies, and fastening securely the smooth braces and girders of spruce and ash.

It is marvellous to survey the swift construction of these flying machines so "lightly, beautifully built," with every line made slim for speed, and strong to carry its half a ton of engine, passenger, machinery and fuel. Even the most untechnical observer is struck by the detail with which the principals of strength and lightness are carried out. The smooth framework of the wings and of the body is honey-combed with holes to reduce its weight.

Here in a shed they are packing the completed machines, laying each perfect piece carefully upon another in a specially prepared box, bracing them with a few strokes with screws and a cleat. These packing boxes will be shipped on transatlantic steamers to witness—who can tell what scenes on the North Sea? Out in the harbor lies the houseboat of an American millionaire waiting to carry home its master's last and most expensive purchase. We are gazing at the final word in private luxury and modern warfare.

The quaint town of Marblehead and the ancient

city of Salem to the west settle drowsily into their undisturbed antiquity. But in the buildings of what was once a shipyard is the multifold activity of mechanics and draughtsmen. What centuries of human inventiveness have gone into the perfection of these machines now being turned out with such speed and sureness! And now, when the thing that was the dream of Leanardo da Vinci has become the instrument of warfare, sport and science, it looks so frail that one wonders that the first fierce wind does not crumple it like a broken leaf. But the wings of the modern Icarus withstand both sun and gale.

The hum of machinery—the cheerful sound of men at work—the strange parts of the monster bird waiting in inarticulate suspense: and far out over the water the whirring flight of an aviator, sailing out and up above, the irregular shoreline of the New England coast!

CHAPTER VIII

THE FASHIONABLE NORTH SHORE

On entering the Garden City of Beverly one enters the precincts of the fashionable North Shore: the North Shore of shaven lawns and deep bright gardens: of wide driveways curving up through the woods to the great estates hidden beyond: of high stepping horses and smartly painted traps: of limousines with chauffeurs in livery: of elegant victorias with old ladies and pug dogs. And, as is often the way with the most exclusive exclusiveness, the pleasant roads do not glare with ostentation, but, on the contrary, veil themselves in the shadow of apparent simplicity. The sumptuous residences with their sun parlors and loggias and ball rooms are hardly visible from the public highway: one must take a steam launch and

hug the shore, eyes glued to the mainland, to get a glimpse of them, perched on the rocks, hanging above the ocean or set back in lawns that slope down to the edge of the sea. Over two hundred twentieth century palaces may be seen on the trip from Salem Willows to Magnolia. Millionaires, politicians, belles and beaux come from all over the world, embroidering a little more richly every year that line of aristocracy which fringes this section of the Essex coast—some to find a summer home, some to build a permanent one.

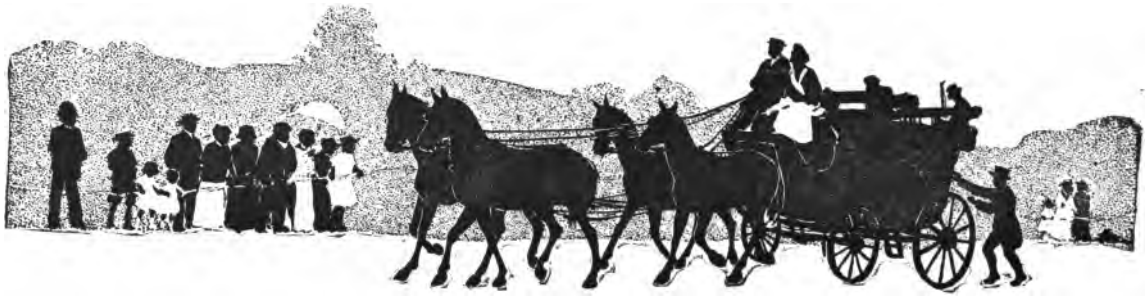
The stranger passing through Beverly, Manchester-by-the-Sea and Magnolia will gather an impression of well kept roads, of vine covered fences higher than his head. He will go through a grove of dark hemlocks, catch a glint of a red roof of an unpretentious bungalow set among the trees, pass the imperial gateway to some lordly "cottage," a rustic wood path down which a group of horseback riders flash, an acre of lawn where a dozen men are reverently kneeling, removing with solicitude a handful of vulgar weeds, a country farmhouse stranded at the crossways, another high fence, and then—suddenly—the sea! For the sea—of sapphire and opals—is the pot of gold at the end of this especial rainbow. To get a piece of

ground fronting it would cost you a small fortune—if indeed you could procure it at all. Ten thousand dollars have been paid, more than once, for an acre on this water front,

Of course this means that the casual passer-by may not take his wife and six children and picnic basket and find a sunny spot on the beach where they may sprawl and bathe. He may travel for an hour and count himself lucky if he gets a glimpse of old Neptune at all.

But the deprivation to the casual passer-by is the advantage of permanent dweller. This combination of woodland and shore, this mingling aroma of pine and brine is not surpassed anywhere in the world. Many an English visitor stands in wonderment surveying a country house at the Cove or the Farms or at Prides and then asks puzzled: "But why do you talk about our English country places?"

Beverly—which includes North Beverly, Beverly Farms, Montserrat, Pride's Crossing and Beverly Cove, is the geographical beginning of what many people consider the real North Shore, and may also be considered the chronological beginning of the present North Shore Colony. In the early forties when it began to be sought by Bostonians who wanted a change without travel, it was merely a collection of



The North Shore of shaven lawns and bright gardens: of high stepping horses and smartly painted traps! of hunting clubs, polo ponies and all the exquisite equipment of costly amusement.

rural houses and pastures. Peter Pride's farm stood near where the country road now crosses the railroad track, and there is a story that he received the grant of an immense tract of land on the condition that he willingly direct all passers by. This he did for many years, and the place came to be known as Pride's Crossing. The property passed from one Pride to another until the place came into its popularity as a summer resort. And then the Pride who held it sold his birthright for a song, and afterwards, the story assures us, overcome with remorse, hanged himself.

The original summer houses were dull colored, comfortable edifices surrounded by broad piazzas and sloping roofs. Today there are million dollar mansions, with pipe organs and private bowling alleys, green houses and tennis courts. One garden stretches down to the very sea, eight hundred feet long and four hundred wide—inexpressably fair in its ornamental brick walls, shaded walks, raised terraces, a tea house of stone, a peristyle for climbing roses and seats of marble and stone.

To be admitted into this guarded circle is like stepping over the page into the reality of a chapter of Henry James, where the heroine drifts across a

garden while a peacock trails its feathers in the sun beside her. You, too, if it vouchsafed you, may step upon tapestried brick, feel the flicker of cool shadow from a marble pergola, and lean on a balustrade built after the fashion of that at Tivoli where countless men and women have leaned and looked out over the blue Campagna, beautiful in the beauty of level lines. You will not see the Campagna, but another plain, as blue, as misty, with all traces of its mighty traffic as smoothly obliterated. You are surrounded on every side by the luxuries of nature and of civilization. Before you glitters the ocean with its rim of pleasure domes and its burden of pleasure craft: on either side woodland and shore melt in harmony or dazzle in contrast. Behind you sparkle the gay towns of Hamilton and Wenham and Topsfield, with their golf links, hunting clubs, polo ponies and all the equisite equipment of costly amusement.

It is hard to realize that there were once old breast works back of the lighthouse which gleams so white in the sunshine, and that the land which is now so preciously divided into private domains was a great training camp in the time of the Revolution. Hard to realize that the venerable Roger Conant—he whose gallant statue braves the winds in Salem—petitioned

the General Court in 1671 that the name of Beverly be changed to that of his native town "Budleigh," because of "the great dislike and discontent of many of our people for this name of Beverly because (we being a small place) it has caused on us the constant nickname of 'Beggerly.'" Hard to realize that the pretty woods now so fondly tended and so carelessly roamed through were once whispered to be bewitched, such terrifying roars and howls issued from them in time of storm, and such difficulties attended the traveller seeking his way on dark nights. In fact it is quite impossible to realize anything but the faultless lovliness of the day and the sheer delight of soft living that surrounds us.

As you go from Beverly to Manchester you will see the justly celebrated Mingo Beach about which there still echoes the tradition of Robin Mingo—a slave who had been promised his freedom on the day that the ebbing tide should leave a dry passage between Mingo's Beach and a rocky promontory called Becky's Ridge. He waited patiently for this great event, and then, one morning in 1773 when the receding tide did actually leave a dry passage, the kindly neighbors ran to tell him of the news. And awed and half terrified by the strange significance,

they found the black man had indeed attained his freedom on that day, for he was lying dead—a smile upon his lips.

You will also pass the old fashioned square house where Lucy Larcom lived,* and the one from which Oliver Wendell Holmes dated his letter "Beverly-by-the-Depot" poking gentle fun at his friends Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields who were the first to use the name of Manchester-by-the-Sea.

But Manchester-by-the-Sea it has remained ever since, becoming more proud and handsome every year. Like Alice in Wonderland after eating the mushroom it has grown prodigiously from its early days, when it was known as "Jeofferye's Creek."—not taking the name of Manchester until 1645, when it separated from Salem and became a distinct town. But it clung to its provincialism for a long time after that separation, as is testified by the church quarrel of 1809. For when the meeting house in the square was built, with its graceful belfry and steeple, the proposal to heat it on Sundays was stubbornly opposed by that conservative element which, like the poor, is ever with us, especially in matters of ecclesiastical dissension. However the progressives won, and duly announced that hereafter the church would be heated

*What is probably Lucy Larcom's best known poem may be of interest here. Page 179.

on the Lord's day. The next Sunday several of the congregation fainted during worship and others had to leave overcome by the excessive temperature. Presumably they were from the ranks of the recusants, for after service it was discovered that owing to a defect in the heater no fire had been built.

But Manchester's peculiar attraction is that beach of ruddy sand—a warm tawny pink—which, when a carriage drives over it or people tread on it gives forth a crisp note, something like snow under foot in dry cold weather. This odd formation of the atoms which makes them triturate together in keen musical vibration has poetically christened it the Singing Beach, a wonder of the world and a never failing scourse of entertainment.

On through West Manchester—the hidden country seats and tasteful cottages still following in unbroken continuity—to Magnolia, named from the white magnolias, found nowhere else in Massachusetts, which grow profusely here—their ivory blossoms delicately starring the twilight of the pines. Magnolia, the village of hotels, situated on a point almost surrounded with water, is redundant with walks and drives. And why not, when one of the largest unbroken stretches of woodland in Massachusetts, two miles

long and about six wide, extends through here across Cape Ann? There are land views and ocean views: wood walks and sea walks, drives and vistas that offer a perpetual objective to summer strollers. One may spend a summer here and not exhaust the corners of this leafy shade.

But there are three walks which are especially characteristic of Magnolia, and the first, of course, is to the Reef of Norman's Woe. Named early in the seventeenth century for the Norman family who lived near, it was not until the dreadful gale of 1839 when forty dead bodies were washed up on the Gloucester shore, one of them that of a woman lashed to a spar, that Longfellow, deeply impressed by the event, wrote in a single night the ballad which will perpetuate his name long after many of his more ambitious works have been forgotten. Thus the rock, which was the scene of a shipwreck, became a literary monument as well, and still rears its head above "the white and fleecy waves," that look "soft as carded wool," while the surf churns and creams about it. The sound of the wind and the water, and the beating rhythm of the ballad surcharge the place with strange noises, like Prospero's enchanted isle. One may sit in the huckleberry patch in a long, long revery, while the waves

beat ceaselessly on the rock whose cruelty has sent a vicarious thrill through many a shivering nursery circle.*

The next walk in Magnolia is more cheerful: it is no other than through the Colonnade—those absurdly Parisian beads strung upon a superfine chain of portico, tiled floor and gleaming window. You are down on Cape Ann with barren sea sand stretching for miles to right and left, to be sure, but you may purchase a diamond tiara or peach Melba or any frivolity that occurs to you quite as conveniently here as you might on the Rue de la Paix or Fifth Avenue. Entrancing and quite wickedly seductive little shops—their gem-like wares spread out alluringly behind glass or ranged on spotless shelves and polished tables—exotics of New York or Newport, securely planted on plain New England soil!

Your third walk in Magnolia should be through the almost historic and not at all gorgeous hotel which never advertises and is always beseiged by more of the élite than it can accomodate. Here one may meet diplomats and foreigners, smart folk from all over the country, and may witness dances where the toilettes vie with those of opera night. Incidentally of course, there is a view from every window, and always the sweet tang of Cape Ann air.

*The poem is given in full on page 181.

But the North Shore means more to its wealthy residents than a rendevouz of style, and everywhere are evidences of their sincere attachment to the place and their desire to enhance its value in a broader sense. At Magnolia, for instance, there are two very attractive and complete clubhouses for "Those who work," chauffeurs and waitresses, bellboys and others of that vast retinue that serves the summer colonists. They are unique and successful social experiments.

There is an aviary and a gladiolus farm which is an inspiring adaptation of western ideas to eastern conditions, where worn out New England soil has been made to produce acres of superb flowers by proper treatment. Everywhere are tea rooms and club houses and bits of public landscaping initiated and financed by summer people for the advantages of the natives—tangible proofs of a very real interest in Cape Ann.

The migratory population is packed from one end of the North Shore to the other from June to November. From Winthrop to Plum Island their cottages and their activities are paramount. But perhaps in no other section have they shown themselves a more intelligent and constructive force than along the "Fashionable North Shore."

CHAPTER IX

GLOUCESTER—FLOOD TIDE AND EBB

A smell of fish and salt and drying boats: a curious, indescribable oily smell, unlike any other and permeating every other: the smell of Gloucester! And why should not this hoary metropolis reek with the flavor of fish when its history is built upon the sign of Pisces, and its prosperity has sprung from it? When we stand in the center of Gloucester town, a quaint and crooked center with hilly streets winding into it and twisting out of it, we stand in a place which, as early as Revolutionary times, had a yearly catch valued at one hundred thousand dollars and in the later part of the nineteenth century was the largest fishery in the world.

Even today, with its interests diffused into other channels, a fleet of two hundred or more vessels beats out of the harbor in season bound for the Banks, for Labrador, Iceland, Greenland and Norway.

Those racks, or "flakes" lining the shore, covered with rippling canvas or glistening with their naked burden, are sagging beneath hundreds of barrow loads of cod and haddock, split and spread to dry in the sun. In those gray sheds they are being boned, shredded, packed in balls, in strips, in boxes to be sent to every conceivable market in Christendom. The factory has come to augment the shed, and the by-products which used to be thought waste are now being made into glue, cod liver oil, and various kinds of fertilizer. The market for these is as certain as the market for the fish itself, and if the workers are no longer hale New Englanders but dark skinned Finns and Portuguese, chattering an unintelligible tongue, it is all in the march of progress.

If you will stand where the road from Fresh Water Cove curves up into the Stage Fort Park you will see in the harbor a forest of slender masts, and with the puffing of the engines and flapping of the sails a vivid panorama of the old and the new. That brig, which recalls the Cape Ann fleet of square riggers

that sailed to the West Indies, probably has salt for curing in her hold, and packed so tightly that it will have to be mined out with pick and shovel. That Schooner—which was developed from the pink—had its origin in Gloucester, like Universalism: the prototype of that motor boat was first used for fishing purposes in 1900. For the rest there are freight steamers plying between the Cape and Cadiz, steam yachts, cruisers and pleasure craft of all description. There is one tall spire against the sky to our right which rises, not from the harbor but from the shore—the spire of the wireless station where experiments are constantly and quietly being carried on.

This Stage Fort Park, in which we stand, a lovely rolling tract of pasture on the Western Shore extending from Fresh Water Cove nearly to Blynman Bridge which joins Cape Ann to the Mainland, embraces three beaches and some noble groups of rock. It was originally "Fisherman's Field" and was the first land cleared in Gloucester. A fishing stage was here, long before any permanent settlement was attempted, and on Stage Head was reared the second fort. Hence the name to distinguish it from the old fort.

Gloucester has been called a "city of sorrow, whose history is written in tears" for, when a whole commun-

ity makes its living on the open sea, death sweeps over it with the sweep of every storm, and that yearly midsummer ceremonial when the children of the town gather to cast flowers upon the receding tide in memory of the dead, is both symbolic and touching. The pathos of many of the legends and much of the literature of Cape Ann is the integral part of a life where widows and orphans and maids who never will be wives wait continually for a vessel to return with her flag at half mast for those who have been lost at sea.*

And yet, oddly enough, Gloucester was not originally a fishing village. Standing on a series of narrow ledges, rising like terraces from the harbor, at the back of each terrace was once a swamp, leaving but meagre strips of building land on which the houses were crowded together. Thus it was that when the farms gave out in 1727 the men migrated to Salem. Those who were left made a living by cutting timber and shipping it to Boston in boats made in the harbor. When the timber was used up they utilized the boats for fishing. The Revolution ruined the industry, as it did so many of the towns along the North Shore, but in 1860 the tide turned, the demand revived, and since then has continued with superficial fluctuations.

*"The Phantom Boat" has a certain value when read in this connection Page 184.

Possibly it was for this reason that the first settlement was not at the harbor, but on "the neck of house-lots" between Mill Creek and Annisquam River —the salt creek which makes Cape Ann an island. At the south end of this neck stood church and parsonage, while the first "burying ground"—a spot well deserving a visit—lay nearer the harbor. Here the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep under small cubical blocks of undressed stone without inscription. Slate head-stones adorned with winged skulls were imported for the next generation.

Influential church members finally procured the removal of the First Church to the harbor. The "West Parish" across the river was the second parish. Then Annisquam was set off, and when the members who remained "up in town" wanted the old meeting house re-opened they had to be the Fourth Parish—much to their chagrin!

The great grandsons of some of those who petitioned that re-opening were among those who later frequented the sea captains' reading room in the old Gloucester Bank Building. Here stories which were passed from mouth to mouth in leisurely hours first began to circulate and still echo in the annals of the town. Stories of merchants who had sent fish or mules to the

Those characteristic racks which line the Gloucester shore, sagging with their burden of cod and haddock, split and spread to dry in the sun.

West Indies, Portugal and Spain, receiving in return molasses, sugar, liquors, strange fruits and old Dutch silver and china. Stories of voyages to Sumatra to buy pepper and weigh it on the beaches, not daring to go a step further inland for fear of the unhealthiness which lurked behind those tropic sands. Stories of the far away Philippines, where the sun-burned voyagers from the new world had been welcomed into strange and beautiful houses like those in an Arabian Nights' entertainment with windows of mother of pearl to keep out the sun and let in the light, with dark polished floors on which gleamed the cane furniture: and the story—often repeated—of how in the thirties, three vessels coming from three different quarters of the globe all met in Manila harbor. As they exchanged salutes, each vessel ran up the American flag; for those three ships, which had been ploughing the seas from one end of the world to the other, were three Boston ships commanded by three Cape Ann men! Thrilling recitals and humorous ones—told again and again to the eager ears of listeners who had heard them many times before.

These adventurous sea captains brought back bits of Oriental bric-a-brac, pieces of sumptuous drapery and odd carvings which still ornament their brave home-

steads where their portraits, painted in conscientious exactness, look unyieldingly forth upon the comings and goings of their descendents.

Much that was quaint and pleasing in that life is still treasured in the summer colony of East Gloucester where artists love to go, and where the gardens of meadow sweet and deutzia, larkspur and roses which once delighted the eyes of men home from sea are still fondly tended. Many of the spar shops and seine lofts, block and sailor shops have been changed to studios, tea rooms and antique shops: and many of the fisherman's cottages, and the places which handled oil clothing and deep sea outfits have been remodeled for the convenience of the fleeting summer guest. But the charm of Gloucester has not been lost in the gradual evolution, and the same rambling roads and unexpectedly perfect colonial doorways with balustraded fences and posts topped with great white balls and back yards nodding with sunflowers have been preciously preserved.

From East Gloucester one may cross to Rocky Neck, where Champlain is said to have landed, and gaze from its ridge out on the inner harbor full of boats and bordered with its utilitarian two-story sheds and buildings, and see the site of the old Fort where children

have flown their kites for fifty years, and see, too, where the "western shore" slopes to Half Moon Beach to the left, and the coal wharves and hoists and fish signs close the curve on the right, and see the Christopher Wren spire of the famous first Universalist church.

It is worth while to trudge to Eastern Point whence on a clear day the dim streak of Cape Cod is visible. The outer shore of this point stretches toward Thatchers Island, and has been the inarticulate witness of thousands of passing sails—sails which must seem in remembrance like the fluttering wings of sea gulls, wheeling in myriads against the limitless sky. But of that innumerable procession which has floated by, three ships have left behind a wake which will never be obliterated: the Steam Ship Portland whose lights were last sighted from here before she foundered, the boat of Anthony Thatcher which, in 1635, with his children met a tragic ending forever recalled in the name of Thatcher's Island and in Whittier's "Swan Song,"* and another boat more significant than them all—the Mayflower, which, carrying the nucleus of a mighty nation, passed this self same point. Perhaps another boat should be mentioned here, for it was Eastern Point Light which was seen by the interrogative child on the fabled Schooner Hesperus. Fresh Water Cove lies yonder,

*Given on page 186.

which many people have forgotten and more have never known took its name from a fresh water spring which was covered at high tide.

It is a flawless drive or walk around the devious Gloucester shore from the "top of the Point" to Bass Rocks with the ocean on the right where gayly clad groups are picnicing, building fires on the rocks from driftwood if the evening is chilly, and with the golf links, summer cottages, hotels and little settlements on the left. This joyous atmosphere is quite different from the cruder, darker quaintness of Marblehead: its happy informality quite unlike the patrician dignity of Salem with which there has always been a sisterly rivalry. Gloucester, and particularly East Gloucester, is the colony of all others on the North Shore painted, loved, written about and lived in by artists who have never exhausted its peculiar witchery.

On Middle Street there survive several houses of Revolutionary Days: the one which belonged to the widow Judith Stevens—she who married Murray, the founder of Universalism—has two huge chimneys, one of them out of plumb, and the two story extension in the rear is pierced with little port hole windows. One enters through a gate set in a panelled brick wall.

Under the gambrel roof of the Babson house is much valuable old furniture and even specimens of the pens once used for the slaves. The Ellery house, the Stanwood house at West Gloucester, Byle's tavern at the entrance to Beachbrook Cemetery and the Briggs house at Annisquam are all of interest to the hunter of antiques.

Should the sturdy builders of these homes return for a day to their earthly habitat, what would surprise them most? The scattering golfers on the well-kept links where there was once only barreness and waste? The populous summer hotels with their laughing girls and white trousered youths? The artist with his easel and box of paints? The Italians and the Finns who are doing the work which the Gloucester boys once did? Or the Portugese settlement on the high hill above the "head of the harbor" where, in the late fifties, a simple voluble folk, fleeing from famine at the Azores, found a spot which closely resembled their old home? A matchless view may be had from this hill, given an oddly foreign touch by the glimpse of the church far below. It is, perhaps, at this new Portugese church, bearing an image of Our Lady with a ship in her hands, that the staunch old Puritans returning to earth would gaze at most long and curiously. This church of "Our

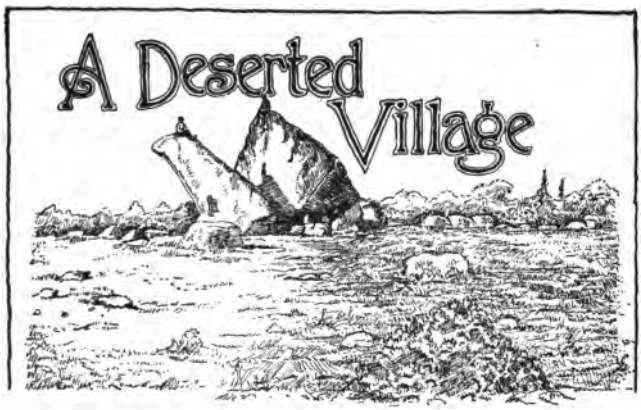
Lady of Good Voyage" where on Whit Sunday the blessing of the loaves and the covering of the Madonna takes place, strikes us as very prettily naïve, reminding us of that other fishing village of Amalfi, where St. Andrew the fisherman is duly reverenced. But doubtless those stern non-conformists would see only idolatry here, and would be willing enough to stalk back to their graves, where they would be undisturbed by any vision of popery.

And yet those first comers might better survey in pride that one time fishing settlement to which comes now an annual school more profitable than any earlier catch—men and women in holiday humor and with memories of foreign travel and a taste for what is fitting to repaint the falling houses and replant the neglected gardens. Gloucester has changed hands, it is true, but it is in good hands, nevertheless. There is no conflict between those transitory groups who come for the summer months and those gracious "natives" who still maintain their spacious homesteads, and dispense a hospitality far famed and justly founded.

And yet, with all its evolutions, one fancies there are two threads woven into the woof of what is called the "atmosphere" of Gloucester, which will never change: the flowers, in window boxes and in small

gardens and big ones—blue and white and lavender and rose, "flavored by the sea," as Lucy Larcom says, "and colored by the salt winds and the sun into the healthiest intensity of bloom"—these will climb over the rustic gateways and the beckoning doors so long as lovers of the beautiful return to this loved spot. They typify the joy of Gloucester. And that other thread which will always carry its dark shadow in spite of the increasing care and safety devices of modern days—the sense of sorrow which is a part of every place which makes its living on the sea. Well may "Our Lady of Good Voyage" tenderly protect the ship upon her arm. For all her care many women for many years will weep tears as salt as the waves which have buried their husbands, sweethearts and sons. For the sad dirge that men must work and women must weep is chanted in every fishing village by the rhythm of the ocean. . . . . .

"The night has fallen and the tide
Now and again comes drifting home,
Across those aching barrens wide
A sigh like driven wind and foam
In grief the flood come bursting home."



CHAPTER X

A DESERTED VILLAGE

A deserted village—so utterly forsaken and for so long that there is nothing left except a few gooseberry bushes and lilac trees by the cellars, a tumbling stone wall and an overgrown clearing: nothing—not a stick—that was ever part of man's habitation.

This curious plateau between Rockport and Gloucester—roughened by huge boulders, its unnatural solitude forever undisturbed except for an adventurous cow or a stray berry picker, its streets and yards so completely obliterated that if you were not looking for it you might pass through and never

realize that this was the place—this is Dogtown Common.

Ruined cities are very rare in America, especially those that were inhabited by white people whose decendents are living today. But Dogtown not only has a history, but one which is fairly well authenticated, for archeologists and geologists and local historians, fascinated by the very blankness of the spot, have investigated and ferreted about and reconstructed and compared gossip and ancient records until they have pieced together a very comprehensible account.

To get to Dogtown from Gloucester is the thirteenth labor of Hercules. The few maps and written directions usually add truthfully: "but the roads do not quite intersect," and the oral directions which one gleams from colloquial advisors run something like the playful information which Launcelot Gobbo offered his father, and not infrequently end; "keep on after the road gets rotten, but when it gets so rotten you can't keep on any more—that's Dogtown Common."

Needless to say, this devious way is impassable for a carriage or an automobile, and in certain weathers for pedestrians. Swamps and thickets and blind paths surround it as zealously as a

vigilant mother guarding an unalluring daughter whom she is sure some one will try to kidnap. No one wants to do anything to Dogtown except look at it, but that innocuous desire is fanned into an intense passion for achievement in the process of plowing through a swamp or two, climbing fences, tearing clothes on bushes and snags and scratching hands and faces on briars and losing the barely perceptible thread of a path a dozen times over. But if you are anything of an explorer by the time you have fathomed the intricacies of Dennison's road and Whale's Jaw (if you come from Annisquam) or Webster Street, Lamb Ledge, Railcut Hill and Parting Path (if you come from East Gloucester) or the old Sandy Bay road (if you come from Pigeon Cove) you will emerge upon the hidden village with the triumphant thrill of Cortez when he stood upon that peak in Darien. And it is an oddly impressive spot—a rock strewn waste encircled by a girdle of woodland and a more distant one of sea—revealing no trace, until one examines it minutely, of the hundred families who lived here two centuries ago. If you are meticulous you will draw a fine distinction between Dogtown Village and Dogtown Common, but if you are merely curious you will be quite content with any arrival at any section of what was once Dogtown. It was

never a prosperous community. It got the latter part of its name from the custom of the inhabitants to hold land in common, and the first part from the dogs which the widows—there was an unconscionable number of widows—kept for company and protection. But in spite of its humbleness some of the most respected families in Gloucester and Cape Ann are proud to trace their ancestry back to it—the Boyntons, Youngers, Milletts, Stanwoods, Wilsons and Friends among them. For although in its declining days a somewhat unsavory reputation attached itself to the dying village, it was the degeneration of what had doubtless been as sturdy and decent as any other New England settlement.

Standing on this homely Salisbury Plain, we find ourselves wondering why any one ever built in such an inaccessible spot, or why, having done so, they abandoned so completely the work of their hands. And yet neither the origin nor the decay of Dogtown is mysterious.

Before the bridge was built at Riverdale the main road from Rockport to Gloucester ran by Dogtown, and the settlement sprang up as naturally as a mushroom by a foot path. Then when the traffic began going the other way the little village declined like

a "boom town" in the West when the railroad turns elsewhere.

Fragments of gossip still linger about the place: gossip about "Tammy Younger," "queen of the witches," sharp-tongued and profane, she whose cellar is the first one as you enter by Fox Hill. Tammy, whose real name was nothing less impressive than Thomazine, smoked as well as swore, and the handsome snuff box which was found in the cellar not so very long ago seems to indicate that she also took snuff. Gossip about Old Ruth, a mulatto who called herself John Woodman and dressed like a man and built stone walls and whose name is commemorated in Ruth's Ledge: about Easter Carter, aristocratic and poor, who lived in the only two-story house in Dogtown and picked berries and told fortunes for her scanty living. Toward the end of her life and the end of Dogtown days her house was an objective for picnickers, for she would boil them a cabbage for their dinner. Thus the origin of the "cabbage dinner picnic" which is still a Cape Ann institution. Molly and Judy Rhimes were not at all respectable: Peter Lurvey was a revolutionary patriot of no mean order: Johnny Morgan, whose real name was Morgan Stanwood, made a living cobbling shoes in a hut under a rock, and his "Boo", or Booth, was one of

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Dogtown's most familiar sights. Captain Isaac Dade, after a life of adventure, came back to Gloucester with a charming Southern wife. Fancy lingers a moment about the woman who had been a friend of the Washingtons and whose youth had opened on the wide acres of a Virginia Plantation, and whose final days closed here in the little village of Dogtown.

There are records of most of the Dogtown inhabitants: who they married and when they died: there are scraps of rumors about the most picturesque of them—more or less irrelevant or pertinent—which have persisted through the years. But nevertheless, there is in this deserted tableland an indescribable sense of desolation. It is a singular thing to stand in a place from which every trace of life has been obliterated. The smooth hills of Carthage over which the sheep graze peacefully is not swept cleaner of human impress than this. For although we can never reproduce the life of two hundred years ago, yet in towns and cities where that life has gone on without a break, the past has fused with the present as a current runs into the sea. But here there has been no continuation, only a decay and then a vanishing.

There is a sadness in this complete oblivion,

"Where once the cottage stood and hawthorne grew"

—an infinite pathos in the gray solitude from which the flush of life has fled.

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CHAPTER XI

THE ROMANCE OF ROCKPORT

A network of black wires against a serene sky: the hardly perceptible tremor of the arm of a mighty derrick: and the sheer cold sides of a granite quarry not unsuggestive of the concrete sides of the Panama Canal in its smoothness and its strength. We are in Rockport, that little town on the North Eastern tip of Cape Ann whose quiet fields have been split wide and forced to deliver up their tons of tons of granite—gray and red and green. As we stand here on the brink of this cold precipice, so cleanly, deeply hewn, we seem to be looking down into another world,

rigid and unreal. The puff of engines and the shout of workmen—small as ants from this istern eminence—seem puny in that bleak excavation. Even the seventy-five ton shaft of granite, which the immense derrick hoists clumsily into the air, looks infinitesimal in the hollowed and stark expanse.

There are more than six hundred acres of quarry land, finishing, cutting and polishing sheds in Rockport; there are wharves and sloops and schooners and barges and tow boats and lighters to assist in carrying away the vast output; there are about a thousand men working in these blank airy pits, and yet in spite of all this activity there is a strange silence in the air. When one has stripped the living verdure from the breast of nature, the stiff and bloodless realm which is exposed to view possesses qualities as different from those of the friendly rocks and trees of the earth as the bones of a skeleton from the yielding curves and breathing pores of the human frame. One stands in silence before a granite quarry!

Across the fields of Rockport—against the sky—against the sea—there by the side of the road, and here by the turn of the wood, everywhere are evidences of quarries—being worked, or long since deserted. Here is a flooded one. The workmen cut too deep,

There are more than six hundred acres of quarry land, finishing, cutting and polishing sheds in Rockport: there are wharves and sloopes and tow boats to assist in carrying away the vast output.

and now the water, clear as air and bitterly deep, lies forever in its changeless prison. There is something inexpressibly sombre about this immutable, sharp-cornered pool with rough bushes fringing the harsh edge where it meets the green of the pastures. One cannot help but wondering whether this majestic mass of stone—helpless under the machinations of man, being dumbly hacked and hewed into a million paving blocks—did not feel an inarticluate relief that its grandeur had been spared, when, silently and irresistibly, the water came ebbing in and drove the men and their machinery out.

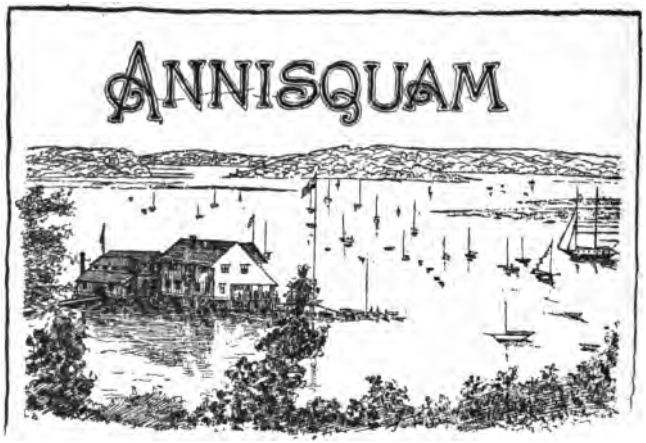
Many reflections pass before ones fancy here in this little sea bound town, for Rockport has a pathetic history. Sandy Bay Harbor, passed by seventy thousand vessels annually and on the route of practically all the ships that ply between Maine and the Provinces and Boston, is never ice bound and has excellent holding ground. There are no bars or intricate channels, as in Boston and Gloucester harbors: if the ocean liners should come in here they could save the time of the trip on to Boston or New York and could dock easily in the deep water. Why not, therefore, make this convenient refuge the transatlantic terminus, into which the great vessels should steam, and out

of which should spread a network of railroads carrying passengers and freight all over the country?

This was the idea which fixed itself close to Rockport's heart. As far back as 1835 a petition was presented to the Government begging for a survey. It was sixty years before the Government took steps in the matter, and then, in 1885 after some discreet prodding, it commenced work on the five million dollar breakwater. Rockport, after her half century of patient waiting, blossomed forth into brilliant expectation and tremendous effort. Railroads, wharves, and piers were planned; the first transatlantic cable was brought in here; the little Cape Ann town pictured itself as a port of international significance. And then the appropriations began to dribble off; the interest began to flag. Now after thirty years, the appropriations have stopped altogether and the breakwater is only one third done. People smile at Rockport. How ridiculous for a little village to flourish such grandiloquent ambition! What if the breakwater were built and did make the harbor safe? Who would want to start, or stop, from such an inaccessible place? The vision faded, as visions do, and only the unfinished breakwater, a painful reminder of a

period of high hope and a terrible menace to navigation—stretches for five thousand feet.

A few men still cherish the hope of completing it and vindicating Rockport's claim of a harbor wider than any other port on our coast and larger than Plymouth and Portland in England and almost as large as Cherbourg in France. Pamphlets are still circulated and petitions sent upon the languid round, but the world has lost interest. Rockport reminds one of some impetuous lad, confident of his great message, who sets forth to carry the lamp of knowledge through the darkness of the world. He works with the fierceness of youth and the fervor of assurance, until, at middle age, neglected and poor, his message ignored, he turns himself silently to the hack work by which he must earn his daily bread. Thus the little village which was to have been the great transatlantic terminus no longer permits itself to float out on the golden dream of wharves and piers that would welcome the commerce of the world, and railroads which would thread their way across the length and breadth of the continent. Grave in its lesson of disillusionment it turns resolutely and unremittingly to its toil in the granite quarries of its native fields.



CHAPTER XII

IN AN ANNISQUAM GARDEN

It is morning—it is springtime—in Annisquam! Through the frame of a gray-barked pergola, scantily veiled by a faintly budding creeper, deepens a picture: a slope of green turf, a tumbling stone wall with a clump of rough shrubbery in the crook of its arm, the pleasant roof and white chimneys of a house half way down the cliff, and far, far below the blue and opalescent calm of Ipswich Bay. To the West across the water, swell the white irregular sand dunes of Essex: dark moors lie like the shadows of clouds

upon their shifting steeps. To the North and to the East the sky vault arches in a vast low sweep above the watery plain. There is a mystical expectancy in the intense tranquility of the sea and the celestial lavender of the heavens. We hold our breath lest the radiance be stirred.

Where are there other gardens like these seaside gardens of Annisquam? Where else may the wanderer push his unmolested way through swinging gates, across front yards and back yards, half grass and half boulder, between gaps of stone walls, across a narrow, dusty road, under a wisteria-hung arbor, along a dim tangle of little paths that twist and turn and lead at last into secret shy inclosures where a bird bath or a weatherstained marble sundial stands half sunken in the green grass? Somewhere—somewhere—a vague vision forms and fades. What do these crudely hewn stepping stones beneath our feet, this strip of narrow verdure on each side, bordered—not too straightly—by narrow beds, guarded by tall evergreens and walled in by a leisurely hedge—what do they suggest? This thin parterre of Lombardy populars standing between us and the dazzling blue of sea and sky; these violets clinging close to the shaggy rocks and the pale tan mushrooms that glimmer in

A slope of green turf, the pleasant roof and white chimneys of a house half way down the cliff, and, far below, the blue and opalescent calm of Ipswich Bay.

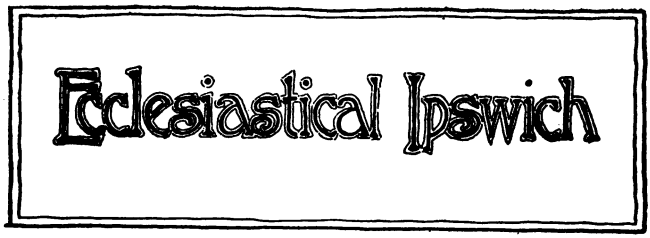
the grass—what other place and clime do they recall? Capri! Capri! The Mediterranean luminousness of the bay: the graceful outline of a marble bench which stood in another garden where perhaps some buried Caesar bled, and where poets have tenderly gathered the hyacinths that dropped from a once lovely head—bring back waves of memory, haunting and fugitive.

Only here there is none of the subtle decadence of that distant and beguiling spot. The clean Cape Ann air is not too heavily scented or too warmly luxurious. The remembrance of those wan exotic exiles of that other garden spot pales before the reality of these brisk American girls in trim white, with buoyant step, and these men with keen faces and unjaded hearts. Here is the charm of the Bay of Naples without its voluptuousness: its crystalline color without its too tropical bloom. Annisquam possesses the cool virginity of a country that is still young: the delicate aloofness that hangs like a silver mist about an untouched maid.

Cottages are scattered with happy informality along shore and cliff and cove. There is nothing stately, nothing pretentious about the half casual pergolas and little plots of flowers. Here, where a few gray steps straggle up from one garden to another,

two gray amphorae stand in drowsy dignity, and before us in a half frame of rustic post and unfolding Virginia creeper hangs a foreground of sea, a background of sky, separated only by the white line of Essex sand. The picture sweeps out beyond the confines of its frame: out—out—to East—to West, over our heads and under our feet—we are in the pearly center of a blue and dreaming sphere. The picture is more than a picture: it is a revelation to be mirrored forever on the soul.

The wholesome smell of fresh cut grass: the flash of a vireo: the hushed rhythm of the waves upon the Lighthouse Beach: lilacs purpling and apple trees flowering white—no we are not in Capri, but on the high shore of Cape Ann. It is morning—it is springtime—in Annisquam!



CHAPTER XIII

ECCLESIASTICAL IPSWICH

The main street sparsely lined with small unfeverish shops, circumspect houses and neat low buildings, curves around a corner, climbs at leisure up an irregular New England hill, and then stops, as if to draw a contemplative breath, at the foot of the Green. It is not merely the formation of the town which brings us to the foot of the Green and to the base of that gray rocky ledge upon which perches with gentle and sombre dominance the First Church. It is more than topography, it is more than history; it is romance and sentiment. For this Green, with the smooth pretty patches of grass at the intersection of the cross roads, bearing the ancient monuments and still more ancient cannon, and the abrupt old crag which has

carried upon its crest a church for nearly three hundred years, comprise the symbolic center of the town.

It is impossible to glance even casually over the history of Ipswich without being impressed by its ecclesiasticism: indeed the history of the town seems sometimes hardly more than the history of the church, for all other developments—social, political and industrial—flowed to and from this central motive during its formative years. The old days when the preacher was timed by an hour glass, and his salary shortened in proportion to the shortening of the discourse: of deacons and tithing men: of men seated on one side of the center aisle and women on the other, and muskets stacked outside the door: the old days when praying, voting, publishing of marriages, notices of town interest, requests for prayer and expressions of thanksgiving were all carried on in the single building which was town house and meeting house in one: the old days when ministers in bands and gowns, judges in scarlet, prisoners in cuffs and chains and people in Sunday clothes or weekday ones entered and departed in pursuit of their various business—these days which held the essence of the life of the community waxed and waned on this very spot which still stands—the self same outline of half bare, half

grass grown crag against the temperate sky, sustaining upon its summit the "First Church."

Of course it is not really the first church. That was built about a year after John Winthrop and his dozen companions settled here in 1633. Agawam, it was called, and the name may still be seen on various buildings. The Indians sold the place for twenty pounds, and, having struck this advantageous bargain, the Englishmen promptly proceeded to build a place to worship. It was a rough affair and about ten years later was sold for fifty shillings, and new one erected. The town records are scrupulously exact as regards these details. They tell us that Edmund Gardner took care of the first building and "covenated to keep it water tight as well as warm and took his pay in summer wheat." The second meeting house was more pretentious. It was square with a turret in the center, and windows in leaden sashes, and when it was enlarged, and the bell donated to the school house, fifty-three citizens empowered John Appleton, a merchant, to buy a larger one in London, and their names are inscribed upon the town books to this day. The third church, built about fifty years later, was "banked with stone and gravill" from the old fort on the Green, for the community was acquiring a

sense of security and there was no longer a need for a garrison house. In 1749, still another meeting house was raised upon this spot—a spacious new one with a needle spire and double doors—with bobbined pews and a sounding board. This was used until a century ago when the present building was decided upon—a brave little meeting house, maintaining the ancient traditions in excellent spirit and holding its spire steady and high, visible for miles around.

There is hardly a foot of this Green but recalls the past. Where the monument now stands in modest aloofness was once enacted the homely custom of collecting the hogs in the morning so that Abraham War and Goodman Symond might drive them to the Commons. At sunrise Daniel Bosworth blew his horn and the village cows were gathered in similar fashion and were thence conducted to the public pasture lands, outside the town limits—evidence that Ipswich even at that early date had grasped the advantage of some of the features of communism. On the South East corner of the Green was the town pound, where those animals which were not placed under Daniel Bosworth's chaperonage were impaled.

There was a watch house on the south side of the First Church, ten feet square, and bearing the im-

pressive name of "The Old Meeting House Fort." This was built as a defence against the Indians, and the town records state with clearness that every male adult over eighteen, of every family, including "sons, servants and sojourners" was liable to watch house duty. Some one was obliged to be there every moment, both to guard the small stock of ammunition and to keep an eye out for the prowling Indians, who, however, were a very peaceable lot—so peaceable, in fact, that no occasion for the fort ever arose, and in 1702 it was voted that the rocks should be sold, and the proceeds used toward buying a town clock. As they had a sundial, and as the sexton, Simon Pindar, was instructed to ring the church bell every morning at five, the good people of Ipswich had every opportunity to know and improve each shining hour.

Although the settlement was left in peace it did not relax its vigorous standards. There was no pressure from without, but the stern dictates from within never faltered. No town offices were given to any but church members. A man could not be a hog reeve until he had experienced a change of heart: fence viewers had to be in good and regular standing, and the town crier must be sound on the question of original sin. Today as one surveys the tranquil ham-

let, unstirred by the stampede of progress, it is not difficult to understand the pure simplicity of two centuries ago. Many fine old houses still stand in dignified sobriety, expressions now and then of self respecting inhabitants: the same wide pleasant streets, elm shaded, trail, diverge, meet, cross and separate in the old leisurely way: the same lovely hills still hold the village in their cup, and the same river winds slowly under the bridges. Yes, it is easy to reconstruct the Ispwich of long ago, for the Ipswich of today retains much of its lingering charm.

Should you make the easy ascent to the Town Hill and look South you will see the soft hills in an irregular semi-circle to your right, with the village safely tucked into the valleys, the river winding from the sea, turning the wheels of the great hosiery mills which not only bring Ipswich commerce, but bring her, too, the very modern problems of immigration; for the mills are filled with Greeks and Armenians and Poles, with their own settlements on the other side of town, their own standards of living, their own forms of worship and their own ideas of recreation. The river which one can see so clearly from here is salt at high tide up to the point where it goes under the Choate Bridge—the first stone arch bridge built in

this country. The eye leaves the village, the mills and the river and sweeps out to sea, the white of the sand mingling with the gray of the marsh hay and the green of the pastures, as the rhythmic beat of the ocean mingles with the sound of the wind; to Ipswich Lighthouse shining white in the sun; to Little Neck, quite ridiculously rounded and neatly dotted with dwellings that look as uniform as those in a child's cardboard village from this distance, and to the bar beyond where the legend of Harry Main still vibrates with the vibrations of the surf. He was a pirate and a smuggler and, worse yet, a ship wrecker, and used to build fires on the sand to decoy the vessels in among the breakers. But his sins, though picturesque, were damnable, so Harry Main was damned, and at his death was chained to Ipswich bar to coil for ever and ever a rope of sand. When the cable broke with the dash of the waves, his yells of fury could be heard for miles around. We can hear them today when the wind is still, and doubtless mothers who have not learned the new psychology still try to terrify their children into obedience by threatening them with the rage of Harry Main, as their mothers threatened them. The eye sweeps further. The distant roofs of some of the summer cottages on the

The history of Ipswich is an ecclesiastical history and the Green, which has borne a church upon its crest for nearly three hundred years, is the symbolic center of the town.

dunes are visible: Plum Island, the inspiration of much that is tuneful in the verse of this section of the country, stretches gray and white and green to the left. One can see from Cape Ann to the dim Isle of Shoals on a clear day, and the conformation of the shore curiously suggests Dorsetshire. That bar on which the surf is foaming will always be a thorn in the side of remembrance, for without it Ipswich might have had the prestige of Salem as a shipping port, and might even—so earnest antiquarians insist—have been the capital of Massachusetts.*

One cannot appreciate the beach road—the Argilla Road—from here: it is best to take a carriage. The South Congregational Church and the Common are at the other end of town—a handsome pillared building and a handsome wide common, and the road which winds from here to the summer settlement is handsome, too. For summer people are coming to Ipswich now, and the big old farm houses and the little ones are being remodeled, sometimes with bad taste but generally with good, to meet the new demands. There are cottages quite simply enlarged by a veranda and a dormer or two: there are mansions with two chimneys and gambreled roofs which needed no enlargement but only a fresh coat of white paint,

*A delightfully appropriate spot to turn to Morgan's well known lines on Ipswich. Page 189.

and there are new houses, half hidden by the woods or set boldly out upon the plains. A Boston architect has even built a windmill, closely following the hexagonal outlines of those quaint specimens occasionally seen on Cape Cod. These same summer residents have planted Lombardy poplars beside the winding road from town, and the long distances between the dwellings is pleasantly broken by the thin and graceful shade. One must not leave this section of Ipswich without stopping to stare at the great new estate of a Chicago millionaire, conspicuous upon a hill overlooking the sea. It stretches out in admirable proportions, with its many rooms and gardens, its stables and servants quarters and its swimming pool—a far cry indeed from the day when even the best houses were two stories high. In those days the large white oak timbers showed inside the finished rooms, and the windows were three feet long and two feet wide, with little three-inch diamond panes set in lead. They opened out, either in halves or in a solid piece. The doors of the wealthy had diagrams marked upon them set in lead lines with brass nails driven at the points of the angles. Lime was unknown: the walls were daubed with clay mixed with straw, or plastered with a sort of

lime made from clam shells. Whitewash took the place of paper until the beginning of the nineteenth century, and paint was little used. The walls were of brick laid on the inner partition, covered with clay, which was in turn covered with what were called clayboards, and from which our clapboards derived their name. The better houses were shingled, but the cottages were thatched until almost 1700. And where these primitive homes once stood, one may stand and gaze upon a complete example of the luxurious and the beautiful—a palace with lights and warm water, with shining floors and easily moving windows: with servitors and automobiles and high bred horses. Thus the cycle of years revolves, and by its revolution cuts the wake of change.

On the way back to town one repasses Heartbreak Hill, the most romantically named of eminences. Here it was that an Indian girl, deserted by a white sailor, used to climb and scan the ocean to see if a returning sail brought also a returning lover. But the dark eyes looked out through their tears in vain. He never came back, although she daily trudged the path to the top of the hill to search the wide horizon. She died, at last—slipping another bead upon the long chain of romance — and poets have written

about her ever since, the hill still bears a name in memory of her, and lovers climb in the springtime to sit upon the ledge where she used to stand, and pledge their faith.*

The legends, which draw a shining ring about the whole North Shore, cluster thickly here. At the Green they will show you the very spot where the Devil, enraged, disgusted or alarmed—it does not specify—at hearing Whitefield thunder out his terrible sermon to a vast outdoor audience, leaped down from the church roof where he had been perching, and his cloven foot struck deep into the rock. You may put your foot in the very print if you are not convinced.

The story brings us back to the Meeting House and the Green, as Ipswich stories are apt to do. And, having come back, we see half a dozen places of interest which we overlooked before. Where the gray Methodist Church now stands was the Court House, where Daniel Webster and Choate and Story made their eloquent pleas, and where two town houses have lived out their days of usefulness. A few doors down is the Seminary, made famous by the labors of that ardent educator, Mary Lyons, before she went to Mt. Holyoke. It was a fashionable

*Celia Thaxter tells the story more prettily in verse. Page 191.

school sixty-five years ago: one of the very first to offer serious and scholarly courses to young ladies, whose parents hithertofore had considered it quite sufficient for them to lisp a little French, paint velvet and tinkle on the piano. Many of the present inhabitants of Ipswich remember the Seminary in its halycon days, when pupils came from Canada, from the middle west and the south to attend, and the most exclusive families in town felt honored to receive them as boarders. If their childish impression of a most amazingly modern place still lingers, to us the curriculum of those days sounds quite whimsically the reverse. What Female Seminary—if we had Female Seminaries in the twentieth century—would announce "The Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion to the Constutitional Course of Nature" and "The Evidences of Christianity" and "Intellectual Philosophy" among its prescribed courses? And what Female Seminary, fashionable or not, could state today with truthfulness that its weekly price of board, including lights and washing, would be $1.75? However, in its day this was one of the most highly respected institutions in the country, where Lucy Larcom and Mary Lyons taught with zeal, and which many distinguished women, including Gail Hamilton

and Mrs. James G. Blaine, have been proud to call their Alma Mater.

Just above the seminary was the home of Elizabeth Brown, who made black bobbin lace for a living, and who combined religion and comfort so ingeniously that she deserves commemoration. On cold Sundays it was her wont to carry a tin foot stove to church, filled with turf coals. She buried two potatoes in it, and while Mr. Frisbie preached his long and wintry sermon, the turfs accomplished the two fold purpose of baking the potatoes and keeping her feet warm. In the intermission between the morning and afternoon services, Elizabeth Brown placidly extracted her potatoes, ate them at leisure and was ready for the next session. The site where Aaron Cogswell found the whipping post and pillory which were once the integral part of every well ordered New England community, is marked by the elms which he planted—a gentler monument to history than those grim relics. Not far beyond is the place where Anthony Potter lived, he whose wife was fined for wearing a silk bonnet to church. At the bottom of the hill is the tavern where Washington and Lafayette once stayed.

Thus the half dreaming town of Ipswich still dreams on, for the mills and their employees are quite

removed from this drowsy center of the past. The ancient houses standing close to the old roads, seem to gather to themselves a sort of personality. This one on High Street, near the home of Simon Bradstreet, once governor of Massachusetts and husband of Ann Dudley, the first American poetess—has a thin high shouldered look, suggestive of the meagre angularity we associate with New England spinsters. But it holds itself erect nevertheless, scorning to sag beneath its weight of years or lose one jot or title of its inflexibility. That prim gray painted one across the street reminds us of a pious Deaconess who hypocritically conceals her age beneath a false gray front. And surely, that demure white cottage is an old lady who is content to be a grandmother and does not blush to be dainty. There is quite a different atmosphere about Ye Rogers Manse, now an Inn, but still retaining its old time aristocracy. Like a well groomed woman of the world in its gleaming white and dark green, it is all the more impressive for its decades of experience. The comfortable square buildings at the corner remind one irresistibly of good natured old women who have lost both the slimness of youth and the neat contours of maturity, and now sprawl out untidily in

every direction. They were always rather common, of course, but substantial and hospitable, and there is something jolly about their shabby outlines. As we walk the quiet streets, we feel as if we were in a congregation of old ladies, fashionable or dowdy, down at the heel or smartly remodeled, but undeniably old ladies. The antique shops, the summer people and the Historical Society have claimed some of them—reclaimed in the last instance as the old Whipple House, built before 1638 and now the headquarters of a progressive Historical Society, testifies. This weather-beaten landmark, the first of Ipswich's historical objects to catch the eye of the passing or alighting tourist, and containing a museum worth a thoughtful survey, is the patriarch of that congregation of venerable dames, which we may picture as coming to life again, sedately going to church and discussing with discreet cheerfulness whether or not one might attain to sanctification and yet be damned, whether immersion here will save from fire hereafter, and whether God made Hell when He made the rest of the Universe.

For the old Ipswich was a godly Ipswich: a theological, sternly orthodox community. No lure of meadows in spring time, no beckoning of the river or

call of the sea turned their faces away from the Church founded literally upon a rock, worshipped in, married in and buried from, and placed with prayerful solemnity in the high center of the town.

The Whittier Country

CHAPTER XIV

THE WHITTIER COUNTRY

There are certain personalities which seem as characteristic of the soil from which they sprung as do native fruit and flowers. And there are certain regions which have been so enshrined in the life and art of a poet or painter that always afterwards they bear the impress of that poet or painter. One cannot pass through that fairest of all the New England country—Essex County, along the banks of the Merrimac—without a permeating realization of what this lovely and yet virile scenery might mean in the development of a sensitive nature. And if the beauty of Kenoza Lake and the sweet,

strong benediction of Ayers and Job's Hills found a calm reflection in the life of their most cherished child, he in his turn repaid them by impressing upon them forever the high and tranquil interpretation of his verse and of his career.

There are few journeyings in all New England that will bring one more deep and quiet pleasure than a day spent in meditative pilgrimage through what is fondly called the Whittier Land. For it is not only the abstract beauty of meadow, sky and upland that is commemorated in the words which have made their writer dear to many hearts, but the fact that his picturing was so accurate that even the stranger recognizes today, and sees with a thrill of familiarity the "gap in the old wall," "the stepping stones in the shallow brook"—"the hills of Gold and Silver

Rimming round the little town."

No detail was too insignificant, no trifle too homely to be caught in the photographic mirror of a mind which was in complete harmony with its environment. What Burns did for the banks and braes of Ayr and Doon, the Quaker poet has done for the wooded hills of this "rich and many watered land," and those who have a day to let slip like a smooth chain through fingers, tired from the feverish turning of

leaves, cranking of machines and the handling of money and all the paraphernalia of modern life can not do better then to fare forth to the birthplace of one whose spirit even more than his poetry is one of the purest products and one of the finest heritages of Massachusetts.

Haverhill is a busy modern city, and although there are places in it connected with the early days of Whittier, such as the Academy from which he graduated, yet it is not here that we find his true habitat.

Three miles from the city hall in what is called the East Parish of Haverhill is the birthplace—three miles of curving road with a trolley every half hour or so—three miles of woodland and hills with contours as soft as any Italian mountain, and yet with the singular strength which distinguishes the New World from the old. What is it that makes this charming country with its highlands and lowlands, its lakes and streams not enervating but crisply, beautifully fair? Is it the sturdiness of the evergreens, the rough sides of the boulders, the not too languid ripple of the water? As we take the pleasant road toward East Haverhill we understand how the forces of Nature molded the aspiration and formed the taste of the lad who walked here often, his eyes upon the "opulence of hill and

lakes" and his heart musing on the wonders of creation. He who would approach the Whittier country in a mood of sympathy should not whizz through it in an automobile, but walk at leisure and at leisure pause to dream.

The lake on the right is Kenoza, so christened by Whittier, and the bright sheet of water and the idyllic hills—one of them crowned with a castle more suggestive of the romance of Europe than that of America—now a public park, have all been caught and held in his rhyme. The smaller lake on the left is a hundred feet higher than Kenoza and far above most of the houses in the city. The valley in which the birthplace stands is almost dramatically picturesque. The slope is gentle, the splashing brook twists and darts in ripples, and the farmhouse through the trees gleams white as a farmhouse should. Peace broods over the spot on dreaming wings, and all the visitors that come cannot disturb her deep tranquility.

The New England farmhouse has become a phrase in our vocabularies connoting the simplicity that is comely and the plainness that is refreshing. The square house in which Whittier was born in 1807 was built by his great grandfather in 1688, and with the lilacs blooming by the front door, the white well-

sweep near, the old fashioned garden, the wall of native stone, and the screen of maple, walnut, pine and ash trees, it is as delightfully and wholesomely typical as the imagination could desire. The barn is across the street, longer than it was in the poet's day, but the same distance from the house that it was when the boys tunnelled their way through it to the snow drifts,

> "Our buskins on our feet we drew;
> With mittened hands and caps drawn low,
> To guard our necks and ears from snow,
> We cut the solid whiteness through.
> And where the drift was deepest, made
> A tunnel, walled and overlaid
> With dazzling crystal."

And through this they

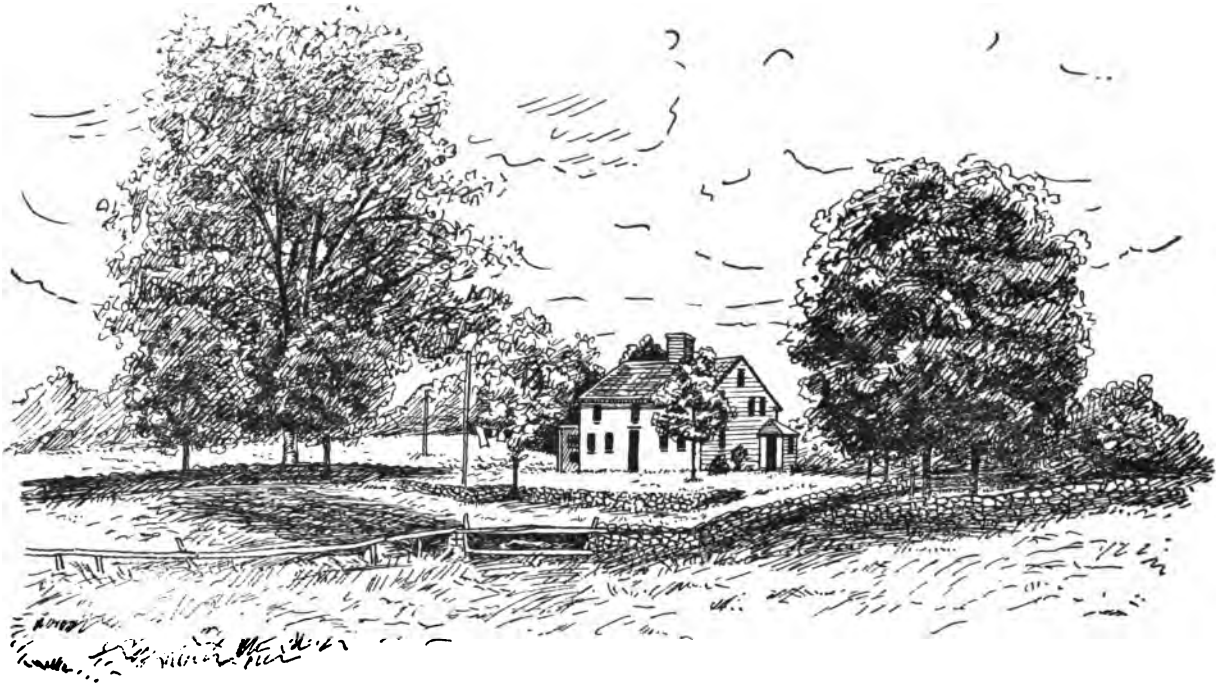
> "..... reached the barn with merry din.
> And roused the prisoned brutes within."

One enters the house by a side door, through a small entry into a long, old fashioned kitchen, low ceilinged, rough beamed, a braided mat on the wide boarded floor before the huge fireplace; straight backed chairs beside the well scrubbed table, a spinning wheel and an ancient desk—one which belonged

to Whittier's great grandfather and upon which he scribbled his first childish verses—in a corner by a square paned window. This is the room made memorable by "Snowbound." Here was piled

> "The oaken log, green, huge and thick,
> And on its top the stout back stick;
> The knotty forestick laid apart,
> And filled between with curious art
> The ragged brush; then hovering near,
> We watched the first red blaze appear,
> Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam,
> On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
> Until the rude, old fashioned room
> Burst flower-like into rosy bloom."

The generous well worn hearth about which the family gathered, the bricks where simmered the mug of cider and where "the apples sputtered in a row," even the plump bull's eye watch hanging over the mantel are all here; and as we survey this clean and decorous place with its staunch timbers and decent furnishings, there forms before our eyes a picture of the simplicity and industry of those days of which such a room was the background, and the honest ideals and unaffected tastes of which it was the cradle. There is something inexplicably touching in the



The Whittier Homestead at East Haverhill. Erected in 1688.

scrupulous exactness with which this room has been preserved, and it has produced a hushed air of expectation, as if the man who lived there for twenty-nine years might be coming in any moment, and would hang up his coat on a nail by the entry door, pull out one of the wooden bottomed chairs toward the fireplace, and change his boots, country fashion. There even stand a pair of his shoes on the hearth, unfashionable, solidly made, typical of the place and of the rustic boy who wore them.*

In a little room at the western end of the kitchen; up two steps higher than the kitchen, is the small cabin-like chamber—"Mother's Room." Here again is that touching preservation of detail which makes us sensible of an atmosphere which is neither past nor present, but curiously embalmed between. For although upon the four-post bed there are still spread the sheets and blankets woven by Whittier's mother, some of them bearing her maiden name, although the bureau is the self same piece which has stood here for so many generations, and the little shaving glass is that which was used by Whittier throughout his life both here and at Amesbury—although the small chamber still retains the Quaker artlessness of arrangement, yet we do not feel the pulse of life. Perhaps it is the fragments of

*The visitor who wishes to recall some of the best of Snowbound will find it on page 194.

baby clothes, which once were worn by Whittier's father and then were thriftily passed on to his son and are now carefully pressed beneath glass and hanging on the wall, which infuse something of the air of a museum to the apartment. A sense of solemnity gathers within us as we stand in the midst of these things expressive of a deeply established mode of life, while that life itself has vanished.

In the room where Whittier was born we notice the quaintly modest pieces of furniture which were part of his mother's bridal outfit. The unpretentious little mahogany card table, the demure red painted chest, the cabinets containing intimate mementos of the family. Brass andirons, candle sticks and whale oil lamps still shine as in the day of the energetic housekeeper, and on the shelves the books which Whittier handled as a boy stand where they stood then. It is all very neat, very substantial, almost amusingly free from ornamentation of any kind—a fitting environment indeed for the youth of the man to whom there was no beauty so excellent as moral beauty, no lure so strong as the beckoning of duty. There are several portraits of him here, interesting as portraits of interesting people must be in showing the gradual changes which years work upon them. There is something al-

most psychic in the deep eyes of the young man, something of disappointment in the curve of the mobile mouth. The serene face of the old man has lost the shadow of melancholy. The eyes have faced the successes and defeats of his life and are looking forward without apprehension toward the experiences of the life which is to come.

There are any number of places near here which will be of significance in proportion to one's knowledge of the poet's life and work. At the foot of the western hill is a small lot inclosed by a stone wall which was the earliest burying ground of the family. The two houses where the boy went to school still remain, and on the site of the house in "School Days" the brown sumachs grow and the blackberry vines are creeping. The grave of the "Countess"—that romantic and pathetic exile—is visited by hundreds every year, and Rocks village still fits the description it received so long ago:

"Over the wooded northern ridge,
Between its houses brown,
To the dark tunnel of the bridge
The street comes straggling down.
You catch a glimpse through birch and pine
Of gable roof and porch,
The tavern with its swinging sign,
The sharp horn of the church."

On the Country Bridge road on the way to Rocks village is the old Peaslee, or Garrison, house, the home of Whittier's great grandmother—the one who brought Quakerism into the family. It was built with bricks brought from England before 1675, and in the time of King Phillip's war was used as a refugee shelter, as the port-holes in its thick sides and the compartments in the cellar still testify. Its walls are of white oak, sixteen inches thick, and the bricks are fastened with iron bolts. There is a touch of romance about it, with its deep window seats and closets and attics. Tradition has it that the Quakers used to hold their quarterly meetings here, as they were not allowed to worship in Haverhill. All the nine miles from here to Amesbury have been often travelled by the poet,—as a little boy when he was driven chattering with the cold to the meeting house on Po Hill—as a lad when he traversed these miles on foot, and as man when he reproduced the Newbury hills, the glimpses of Ipswich Bay and the southern ranges of the New Hampshire Mountains, going back in his memory over the well known road.

Amesbury, where the last fifty-six years of his life were spent, has not the charm of Haverhill, and neither has the house where he lived the direct appeal of his birthplace. It is an ordinary sort of building, interesting

only because of many mementos which are on exhibition within. Here is a cane made from the wood of his office in Philadelphia which was burned by a pro-slavery mob in 1858, and of all the canes given him—some of them valuable and one of them made from the wood of the house where Barbara Freitchie lived—this was the only one he ever carried. In the drawer of the desk on which "Snowbound" was written is an album presented him on his eightieth birthday. It contains the autographs of every member of the United States Senate and the House of Representatives, the Supreme Court of the United States, the Governor, Ex-Governor and the Supreme Court of Massachusetts and many other distinguished names. One likes to notice that not one single Southern Congressman or Senator failed to sign his name to a tribute designed for the most ardent of abolitionists. In what he called his "Garden Room" practically nothing has been altered. The portraits of his friends hang here—Garrison, Thomas Starr King, Emerson, Longfellow, Sturge, Chinese Gordon and others, and the books he placed there still stand upon their accustomed shelves. The carpet he selected, the chair he sat in, the stove, the various pieces of furniture, are all as he last saw them. The house is not elegant—hardly attractive. The zeal for

righteousness which so often goes hand in hand with indifference to external delights is quite apparent in the commonplace accessories with which the Quaker bard surrounded himself.

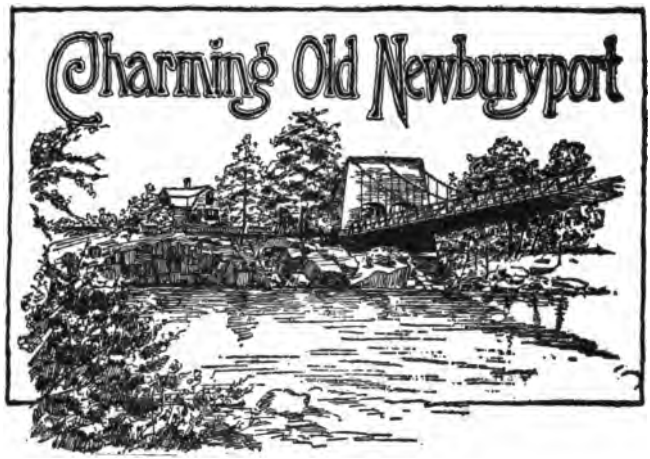
In the town of Amesbury are many places made famous by the writings of one who was known from ocean to ocean in his day. "The Captain's Well" is down the road half a mile; if you read the poem by that name you will learn how Captain Valentine Bagley who had been shipwrecked had vowed that if he were ever rescued from the miseries of hunger and thirst that he would dig a well by the roadside so that all thirsty passersby might quench their thirst. The story is a true one, and the well stands there to this day. The Friends Meeting house—severely unembellished—is in the other direction, and a silver plate marks the seat which the poet usually occupied. Salisbury Beach—the scene of "A Tent on the Beach," now covered with cottages, is not far away, nor is Pleasant Valley, a favorite walk of Whittier and his sister and commemorated in the "River Path." The fountain on Mundy Hill may be visited, although the fountain is a spring and a willow takes the place of the oak mentioned in the verse. Whittier Hill,—locally called Whitcher Hill, and

named not for John Greenleaf but for his first American ancestors; the Macy house, built before 1654 by Thomas Macy who was driven from town for harboring a proscribed Quaker, as told in "The Exiles" stand as they have for many generations.

The cemetery in which Whittier lies is on the high slope of a hill, in the section reserved for the Friends. A low hedge of Arbor Vitae surrounds the family lot, and here under plain little white headstones—all precisely alike except for the poet's which is a trifle larger —lies every member of the family mentioned in "Snow bound." Two cedars mark his brother's grave and his, and the sun rests cheerfully upon the quiet and united family. There is none of that sad and rhapsodic dishevellment that lingers about the solitary grave of Shelley at Rome: none of the impressive pomp which stands guardian to the tomb of Tennyson in Westminister Abbey. The last resting place of this sincere democrat lies in the chaste and tempered sunlight of a country hillside, under the wide clouds of the sky he loved. In the distance one may see the hills of Newburyport, that fine old town against which the last ripples of his life, like the ever-widening circles on an unruffled surface, broke in gentleness. Newburyport, where he often visited in the later years, even yet reflects

something of the personality of one who gathered within himself the most intense expression of what is best in the New England character.

For it is as a personality more than as a poet that Whittier will be longest remembered. His verse is more valuable as a faithful document of a fair land than as literature. His message was of spiritual rather than artistic import: and his life more mysterious than his art. And is this not true of all who have a spark of the divine genius? Only as a human life is in tune with the infinite is that life beautiful, and only as its work expresses that harmony shall that work endure. The words that Whittier wrote will be dear to New England hearts for many generations, but his life of consecrated idealism, of resolute, reverent self sacrifice, passing into the stream of all human consciousness and elevating it by just as much as it bore within itself of spiritual rather than material reality, must—if we believe in the deeper meaning of existence—be of imperishable significance. For a pure soul deepening under the griefs and sweetening under the joys of earthly experience is the supreme poem of mankind, and that poem, humbly and patiently wrought through Whittier's long and useful years of struggle, is written invisibly, ineradicably upon these hills forever.



CHAPTER XV

CHARMING OLD NEWBURYPORT

A serene and ancient town with square white mansions ranged on either side of the long elm shaded streets: a town with a drowsy Mall and a placid pond: behind it level land, the flat Rowley marshes, the peaceful prairies of old Newbury: on one side the Merrimac River, and beyond, the quiet sands and sea. How still it is! how leisurely! how undisturbed!

A horse waits at the station without champing: the driver strolls across the street and takes the reins

loosely in a casual hand. You lean forward from the back seat and pop a dozen curious questions, to which the drawling answer serves rather as a sedative than a stimulant. You are in Newburyport—the end of the North Shore—a town which has increased only about ten per cent in twenty five years: whose history has long since been made, but a history of such vigor that the dignified somnolence of today must be respected as the slumber of a warrior.

As you see the people moving without haste, the immemorial elms interweaving their mild shade across High Street which paces for six miles parallel with the river: as you see the big three-story houses with their wide halls running from end to end, not much altered since the days when their merchants and West India captains issued grandly forth from them, it is hard to believe that this was once the most vital and passionate of New England towns: burning British tea in the public square before the Bostonians even started on their tea party: refusing to use or pay for or touch a British stamp: sending out our first privateers which raked in British commerce to the tune of many millions: building the first ship that ever flew an American flag on the Thames, carrying a broomstick on her peak—after Van Tromp's fashion

—to tell how we had swept the seas: mustering the first volunteer company of the Revolution and building fighting frigates that were the pride of the colonies.

The history of Newburyport is one of such fervor and initiative that it makes mechanical modern warfare seem wan and joyless. The whole town was carried up and out on a wave of patriotism that broke on shores across the Atlantic. Incredible feats were performed. The little sloop "Wasp" captured thirteen merchantmen in three months, and finally engaging four ships in the line went down gloriously, with every man at the guns and all her colors flying. Captain William Nichols—the famous privateersman—capped a most spectacular career by bringing into port in three weeks, four prizes, sixty-four prisoners and half a million dollars worth of booty.

Those were vehement days, when in the flush of her energy Newburyport produced not only fighters but the progenitors of men who have made the United States a world power; the Sewall family who occupied the judical bench in the supreme court for eighty-four years: Theophilus Parsons who helped draft the Constitution and drew to his native town Robert Treat Paine, Rufus King and John Quincy Adams to study law with him. The Lowell family sprang from

here, as did the Springs, the Tyngs, the Chases. Caleb Cushing, first mayor of the town, attorney general of the United States and commissioner to China, Nicholas Pike, author of the first American arithmetic; William Lloyd Garrison, whose birthplace may still be seen; William Wheelright, author of the great South American railroad system; Josiah Bartlett, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—the name of her distinguished sons is a legion, and many of those names still continue on their native heath.

It is difficult to realize that this uneventful town, sleeping under the summer sun or muffled in the winter snow, emerged from a history of extraordinary violence. They even had earthquakes here in the early days—over two hundred of them—with roarings, and flashings of fire running along the ground, fissures rending the rocks, cellars splitting open, chimneys and walls falling, floating islands forming, tons of white sand being flung out to burn like brimstone, and springs drying up and breaking out in a single night. These cataclysms were so frequent that the town chronicle mentions them quite incidentally, as it might refer to a full moon or a flood tide.

Their religious history was as exciting as their

seismatic. George Whitefield, the magnetic and eloquent English revivalist who crossed the ocean fourteen times and delivered over eighteen thousand sermons, preached more than once in the First Presbyterian Meeting House, now called the Old South Church on Federal Street. Dramatic as all his advents were, it was on his last visit to the town—thirty years to a day from the first—that he was the central figure in as impressive a scene as can well be imagined. He arrived very tired on Saturday night and as he was going upstairs to his room the people who had gathered to greet him crowded about the foot of the stairway. He stood there above them, weary and breathing painfully, his candle in his hand. And then he began to speak. He addressed them with difficulty but with intense earnestness. They listened, hushed and expectant, their faces upturned to his, the candle light illuminating his worn countenance. The candle flickered, burned out and went into its socket. The great evangelist's voice stopped, as a bell that ceases ringing. The next morning he was dead.

The house in which he died, his tomb, the bible he used, and the church where he preached are preserved to this day.* The church is worth

*Whittier has transmitted something of this extraordinary magnetic personality into his "Preacher." Page 196.

seeing, not only because of its architecture—the whispering gallery where the black slaves of the sea captains used to sit is equalled only by St. Paul's in London: the straight backed pews have been here since 1802 and the communion seat and venerable haircloth sofa are worth more in money than the original edifice when it was built, and the bell was cast in 1802 by Paul Revere and Son—but because of its stirring historical associations. Here Whitefield preached and is buried: here Arnold's expedition to Quebec, officered by the dashing Aaron Burr, marched on the Sunday before its departure with drums beating and colors flying and stacked its muskets in the side aisle while the citizens packed the gallery and the stairs: and here the great Revolutionary preacher, John Murray, on whose head the British Government placed a reward of six hundred guineas, so exhorted a discouraged regiment which was about to disband that not one man left the ranks.

Newburyport lived energetically in those days both on land and sea. She sent over sixteen hundred soldiers to the Revolution, entertained Washington and Lafayette, and when the war was over applied herself with equal strenuousness to the ways of peace. She built merchantmen and rigged them, and some times more

than ninety ships stood upon the stocks at one time. Her commerce was second only to Salem and Boston, and her era of magnificence set in. Then it was that the young nabob, Nathaniel Tracy, could travel from Newburyport to Virginia and sleep every night under his own roof: then it was that the magnificent Tristram Dalton made his wedding calls in a coach drawn by six white horses and lined with white satin attended by coachmen, footmen, and four outriders, and that old Mr. Marquand, awed by the wealth of his argosies that came sailing in and sailing in to port, prayed, "Lord, stay Thy hand: Thy servant has enough." The band of French refugees, some from San Domingo, some from the Barbadoes and some from France added their touch of polish to the social life. Talleyrand's house stood next to that of Timothy Dexter, and it was from Newburyport that Brissot went back to France to lose his head on the scaffold of the Girondists.

It is as fascinating as any old ballad to read of the patriarchial estate of Tristram Dalton in Newburyport and his summer home four miles away. Wide and broad, they attracted distinguished foreign guests and men of mark from all over the country. Piazzas and dairies and stables and plate and wine

cellars—were all fused into instruments of hospitality by the urbanity of the host. He was elected senator to Congress, was sucked into the whirlpool of extravagant living in Washington, and everything—sumptuous estates and kingly exchequers—were swept away, and the gracious lady of the manor who had entertained in brocades and lace eked out her meagre old age by opening a boarding house in Boston. A tragic ending, but one which pulses with the throb of romance.

So does the Indian Hill Farm—of a later date—in West Newbury, which after a hundred years remains one of the most remarkable estates in New England. It was rebuilt into its present shape in 1832 by Ben Perley Poore, with stone towers and turrets, ancestral portraits and ancient armor, diamond paned windows and charming gardens, somewhat after the fashion of an English country place, and must have been a wonder of the age a century ago. Beside its rooms of Indian relics, powder horns, cutlasses, bows and arrows, antique pewter ware, old china and innumerable curios, it has the additional interest of being partially constructed from some of the most historical buildings in Massachusetts, including a staircase from the Tracy house in Newburyport, a wainscoting from Governor

Hancock's residence, and a richly ornamented mantel from the old Province House in Boston. The Indian Hill Farm may still be seen by the curious, honeysuckle and clematis over its picturesque front door—distinctive and odd, but not unattractive in its elaboration of detail.

Another building of immense interest and charm is the Spenser Pierce House, often called the Garrison House because the powder supply of the town was stored in it. Like an English manor in effect, of stone, beveled brick and plaster, roomy, deep walled, settled into the becoming air of old age, framed by a wide lawn and groups of trees and a view of the passing river, it is a unique piece of architecture in this country. It stands on a side lane in this New England town looking vastly like a bit of Warwickshire. It is three storied, its bricks and plaster mellowed by time, its arched windows small paned and deep set, its heavy oaken door held by hinges two feet long. The porch is remarkably handsome, and its square tiled, foreign looking floor opens into rooms twenty feet square. There is no other house in this country like it. It was originally in the form of a Greek cross, but has been changed by its various owners into a Roman one. But its fundamental dis-

tinction and excellence of proportion has preserved it from dispoilation. It was probably built in 1860 by John Spencer, passing into the hands of Daniel Pierce, the village blacksmith, by the ceremony of turf and twig. It stayed in the Pierce family—from whom came one of our presidents—for a hundred years or more, and then was bought by Nathaniel Tracy, the merchant and privatesman. What tales those regal rooms with their chaste panelling could tell of the fine furniture and fine folks once lit by the flames from the deep fire places! When Captain Offin Boardman took it he built the wooden addition for his invalid wife: John Pettingell's ownership was followed by that of Edward Little, in whose family it still remains. For all its solidity of architecture it has curious gaps in its history and much diversity of opinion as to its original purpose—whether a fort, a garrison in time of need, or a spacious residence. However, there it is—for almost three centuries a thing of joy.

The house of Timothy Dexter has happily been altered since the days of its erratic owner who succeeded in bruiting his ridiculous reputation all over Newburyport—much to its disgust. For he took a house on High Street and converted it into a museum of

horrors, turning its yard into a den of carved and horrible wooden statues of all sorts and conditions of celebrities from Napoleon to Jefferson, to whom he took off his three cornered hat whenever he passed. Along with his foibles he had a knack of making money, and once sent a boatload of warming pans to the West Indies, where they obligingly took off their covers and used them for ladles in the sugar business. He accepted his mock title of Lord Timothy Dexter with complaisance and lived up to it by investing in a coach and four with four outriders, in which entourage he once rode to Ipswich goal to serve a short sentence. He raised a fish peddler to the position of poet laureate of his household, and some of the jingles which that fisherman perpetrated still exist. And he wrote a book with all the punctuation in the back of it so that the readers could "salt and pepper as they pleased." After his death a gale blew down many of the wooden statues, the gingerbread house and its gewgaws fell into the hands of factory boarding house keeper, and then was purchased by a gentleman who removed the disfigurements and left only their gilded eagle on the cupola to remind one of the days of its fantastic adornment.

But Newburyport's halcyon days were shattered by a series of catastrophies. The Embargo Act crippled her so swiftly and severely that she never recovered. Great vessels rotted at the wharves unused, with tar-barrels, derisively called "Madison's night caps" inverted over the topmasts to save the rigging, while the idle crews hungrily patrolled the streets. The first anniversary of the Act was observed by flags at half masts, tolling bells, and processions in crepe and muffled drums, uttering the now classic wish "that Hell might be boiled down to a half pint and Madison forced to drink it."

Upon the heels of this paralysing stroke came the great fire of 1811, destroying sixteen acres in the most compact section of the town. All night long it raged, the flames stretching in a sheet of fire from one square to another, glass melting in the windows, animals and people shrieking, birds caught in a shower of fury, and priceless houses with their treasures dissolving forever from mortal view. Many families were beggared in that night, business was terribly depressed, and the whole town impoverished.

The War of 1812, when the town suffered a long blockade from the enemies' cruisers, again checked commerce brutally, but it was the fourth blow, dealt

with the quietness that often marks the supremely significant event in community as well as individual life, which was the last and fatal one. With the introduction of railroads and the developments of steam power the foreign and coasting trade along the Atlantic was gradually concentrated in two or three cities. That was all: Newburyport who had withstood many slings of arrows of outrageous fortune, separated from her mother-ocean and its gifts, weakened like some New World Amazonian Atlas. She had fought a brilliant fight in war and peace: she had initiated the first insurance company in this country: had taken the first daguerreotype: established the first incorporated woolen mill, the first incorporated academy, the first female high school: the first regularly educated physician of New England came from here and the first Bishop of Massachusetts. She had been the conspicuous home of inventors, literary and professional men. But this unspectacular turn in the tide of progress drained her like a painless and insidious disease. Her ship owners and merchants became spinners and weavers. The golden days were over.

And yet today as the stranger walks up the tranquil streets of the unstirring town he finds her still

beautiful. There is a repose and dignity here that he has not often met before in all his journeyings. High Street maintains itself, handsome and aristocratic after all its magnificences, vicissitudes, and the big square houses, in excellent repair, look out calmly and unreproachfully across their well clipped lawns.

Plum Island—that nine mile stretch of sand dunes, beach plum bushes and summer cottages, separated from the mainland by marshes threaded by great bow knots of silver ribbon at low tide and melting into a broad mirror from shore to shore at flood tide—is still the loved playground of the community. Few islands on our coast hold a more constant place in the affections. Ever since revolutionary troops were stationed here to prevent the landing of soldiers or sailors from English vessels, ever since Harriet Prescott Spofford, Hannah F. Gould, Celia Thaxter and others of that gifted coterie wrote so intimately and so vividly about those "low green prairies of the sea" spanned by a mere finger of a bridge, it has been cherished with a peculiar fondness. If you are a stranger in Newburyport you may miss Plum Island, but if you are a visitor there, if only for a day, you will surely be taken or driven over to it to picnic on

the yellow sand hills as so many laughing generations have picnicked there before you.*

And finally, before you leave Newburyport, you must certainly go down to the lower waterside region of Joppa, inhabited, like its distant namesake, by fishermen from time immemorial, and still retaining something of the piquancy of a seaport with a population that fishes, pilots or acts as watermen. As early as 1640, sturgeon were packed and pickled here for European trade, and later, mackerel and cod were caught and dried upon the fish flakes. The moss covered houses, the clam sheds, the irregular street and the picturesque congestion remind one of those other Lands End communities of Mousehole or Penzance. Joppa is dirty. It sprawls without embarrassment in the midst of "a very ancient and fish like smell." It is not very important. But it is curiously suggestive. The great wharves which once creaked under mighty foreign freight have dropped to pieces with the ebb and flow of the tide, and the impressive East Indiamen and foreign barks and brigs that were once familar sights, have vanished like their own mirages. The glory of commerce has fled from Joppa, but Nature is kinder than man.

*I cannot resist giving in full Mrs. Spofford's lovely lines about this island of associations. Page 199.

No longer may argosies laden with wealth come up to the little port, but on the level floor of the wide stream shine tints and lustres that break and shimmer as prodigally for the oars of a dory as they ever did for statelier keels, and the yellow masts and brown shrouds of a blistered schooner are reflected in the dock water as richly as were the trappings of the barge that once carried Washington across to the Salisbury shore.

Newburyport is quiet after her years of eagerness. Those who judge value by noise will find little here to hold their fancy or quicken their sentiment. But for those to whom the essense of a place is its spirit, this last of the North Shore Towns will always possess a special and enduring charm.

FAMOUS POEMS
OF THE
NORTH SHORE

THE NORTH SHORE

The beguiling lilt of John White Chadwick's well known stanzas gather to themselves a more definite appeal when we read them on the North Shore of New England where and about which they were written.

BY THE SEASHORE

The curvèd strand,
Of cool gray sand
Lies like a sickle by the sea;
The tide is low,
But soft and slow
Is creeping higher up the lea.

The beach-birds fleet,
With twinkling feet,
Hurry and scurry to and fro,
And sip, and chat
Of this and that
Which you and I may never know.

The runlets gay,
That haste away
To meet each snowy bosomed crest,
Enrich the shore
With fleeting store
Of art-defying arabesque.

Each higher wave
Doth touch and lave
A million pebbles smooth and bright;
Straightway they grow
A beauteous show,
With hues unknown before bedight.

High up the beach,
Far out of reach
Of common tides that ebb and flow,
The drift-wood's heap
Doth record keep
Of storms that perished long ago.

THE ROMANTIC SHORE

Nor storms alone:
I hear the moan
Of voices choked by dashing brine,
When sunken rock
Or tempest shock
Crushed the good vessel's oaken spine.

Where ends the beach,
The cliffs upreach
Their lichen-wrinkled foreheads old;
And here I rest,
While all the west
Grows brighter with the sunset's gold.

Far out at sea,
The ships that flee
Along the dim horizon's line
Their sails unfold
Like cloth of gold,
Transfigured by that light divine.

A calm more deep,
As 't were asleep,
Upon the weary ocean falls;
So low it sighs,
Its murmur dies,
While shrill the boding cricket calls.

O Peace and rest!
Upon the breast
Of God himself I seem to lean,
No break, no bar
Of sun or star:
Just God and I, with naught between.

Oh, when some day
In vain I pray
For days like this to come again,
I shall rejoice
With heart and voice
That one such day has ever been.

John White Chadwick.

LYNN

A poem that should be read on the very spot which inspired it, for it is not only a clear guide but an inspiring one to this section of the New England coast line.

HIGH ROCK

Overlooking the town of Lynn,
So far above that the city's din
Mingles and blends with the heavy roar
Of the breakers along the curving shore,
Scarred and furrowed and glacier-seamed,
Back in the ages so long ago,
The boldest philosopher never dreamed
To count the centuries' ebb and flow,
Stands a rock with its gray old face
Eastward, ever turned to the place
Where first the rim of the sun is seen—
Whenever the morning sky is bright,—
Cleaving the glistening, glancing sheen
Of the sea with disk of insufferable light.
Down in the earth his roots strike deep;
Up to his breast the houses creep,
Climbing e'en to his rugged face,
Or nestling lovingly at his base.

Stand on his forehead, bare and brown,
Send your gaze o'er the roofs of the town,
Away to the line so faint and dim,
Where the sky stoops down to the crystal rim
Of the broad Atlantic whose billows toss,
Wrestling and weltering and hurrying on
With awful fury whenever across
His broad, bright surface with howl and moan,
The Tempest wheels, with black wing bowed
To the yielding waters which fly to the cloud,
Or hurry along with thunderous shocks
To break on the ragged and riven rocks.

THE ROMANTIC SHORE

When the tide comes in on a sunny day,
You can see the waves beat back in spray
From the splintered spurs of Phillips Head,
Or tripping along with dainty tread,
As of a million glancing feet
Shake out the light in a quick retreat,
Or along the smooth curve of the beach,
Snowy and curling in long lines reach.

An islet anchored and held to land
By a glistening, foam-fringed ribbon of sand;
That is Nahant, and that hoary ledge
To the left is Egg Rock, like a blunted wedge,
Cleaving the restless ocean's breast,
And bearing the lighthouse on its crest.
All these things and a hundred more,
Hill and meadow and marsh and shore,
Your eye o'erlooks from the gray bluff's brow;
And I sometimes wonder what, if now
The old rock had a voice, 't would say
Of the countless years it has gazed afar
Over the sea as it looks to-day;
Glazed unmoved, though with furrow and scar
The sculptor ages have wrought his face,
While centuries came and went apace,
Just like the ceaseless ebb and flow
Of the restless hurrying tides below.

Elizabeth F. Merrill.

LYNN

It would be a loss if the clamor of modern Lynn drowned out forever the sound of the Lynn which Longfellow so musically remembers. The personality of a city as well as that of an individual is composed not only of its present but of its past. The progress of twentieth century Lynn is not its only characteristic: the poetry of generations ago is also an integral part.

THE BELLS OF LYNN

O Curfew of the setting sun! O Bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O Bells of Lynn!

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathedral wafted,
Your sounds aerial seem to float, O Bells of Lynn!

Borne on the evening-wind across the crimson twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of Lynn!

The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond the headland,
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells of Lynn!

Over the shining sands the wandering cattle homeward
Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn!

The distant lighthouse hears, and with his flaming signal
Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells of Lynn!

And down the darkening coast run the tumultous surges,
And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells of Lynn!

Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incantations,
Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of Lynn!

And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of Endor,
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

NAHANT

We have all loved certain places and have recalled them with the half melancholy, half smiling thrill of myriad associations. When we drift with Story back to his remembrances of happy days at Nahant, our personal reverie is enriched by companionship with one of the choicest spirits that New England ever produced. And we muse with him about the spell of a place which will always be tenderly treasured in the history of the North Shore.

WETMORE COTTAGE

The hours on the old piazza
That overhangs the sea
With a tender and pensive sweetness
At times steal over me;

And again o'er the balcony leaning,
We list to the surf on the beach,
That fills with its solemn warning
The intervals of speech.

We three sit at night in the moonlight,
As we sat in the summer gone,
And we talk of art and nature,
And sing as we sit alone;

We sing the old songs of Sorrento,
Where oranges hang o'er the sea,
And our hearts are tender with dreaming
Of days that no more shall be.

How gayly the hours went with us
In those old days that are gone,
Ah! would we were all together,
Where now I am standing alone.

Could life be again so perfect?
Ah, never! these years so drain
The heart of its freshness of feeling.
But I long, though the longing be vain.

William Wetmore Story.

NAHANT

It is rather impressive to read again the sonnet that Longfellow wrote to Agassiz at Nahant, and to recall that both were loved and familiar figures here in "its golden days."

AGASSIZ

I stand again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted sea
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,
And waiting restless at thy cottage door.
The rocks, the seaweed on the ocean floor,
The willows in the meadow, and the free
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me;
Then why shouldst thou be dead, and come no more?
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding? Why, when thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SALEM

William Wetmore Story's temperament was well fitted to reflect the Salem which cast a spell over his childhood, and to which he has done most admirable justice.

SALEM

Swift fly the years. Too swift, alas!
A full half-century has flown,
Since, through these gardens fair and pastures lone
And down the busy street,
Or 'neath the elms whose shadows soft are thrown
Upon the common's trampled grass,
Pattered my childish feet.
Gone are the happy games we played as boys!
Gone the glad shouts, the free and careless joys,
The fights, the feuds, the friendships that we had,
And all the trivial things that had the power,
When youth was in its early flower,
To make us sad or glad!
Gone the familiar faces that we knew,
Silent the voices that once thrilled us through,
And ghosts are everywhere!

* * * * *

They peer from every window-pane,
From every alley, street, and lane
They whisper on the air.

Ah me, how many an autumn day
We watched with palpitating breast
Some stately ship, from India or Cathay,
Laden with spicy odors from the East,
Come sailing up the bay!
Unto our youthful hearts elate

THE ROMANTIC SHORE

What wealth beside their real freight
Of rich material things they bore!
Ours were Arabian cargoes, fair,
Mysterious, exquisite, and rare;
From far romantic lands built out of air
On an ideal shore
Sent by Aladdin, Camaralzaman,
Morgiana, or Badoura, or the Khan,
Treasures of Sinbad, vague and wondrous things
Beyond the reach of aught but Youth's imaginings.

* * * * *

How oft half-fearfully we prowled
Around those gabled houses, quaint and old,
Whose legends, grim and terrible,
Of witch and ghost that used in them to dwell,
Around the twilight fire were told;
While huddled close with anxious ear
We heard them quivering with fear,
And, if the daylight half o'ercame the spell,
'T was with a lingering dread
We oped the door and touched the stinging bell
In the dark shop that led,
For some had fallen under time's disgrace,
To meaner uses and a lower place.
But as we heard it ring, our hearts' quick pants
Almost were audible;
For with its sound it seemed to rouse the dead
And wake some ghost from out the dusky haunts
Where faint the daylight fell.

Upon the sunny wharves how oft
Within some dim secluded loft
We played, and dreamed the livelong day,
And all the world was ours in play;
We cared not, let it slip away,
And let the sandy hour-glass run,
Time is so long, and life so long
When it has just begun.

William Wetmore Story.

MARBLEHEAD

Skipper Ireson's ride needs no foreward. Whether or not the skipper has been unjustly blamed—there has been some controversy on this point—the vigorous verses will always remain one of the best things that Whittier ever did and one of Marblehead's unique possessions.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human back,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borak,—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Maenads sang:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble-ead!"

Small pity for him!—He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own townspeople on her deck!
"Lay by! Lay by!" they called to him.
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head and fist and hat and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble-ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried,—
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate and curse me,—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
Said old Floyd Ireson for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him!—Why should we?"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

MARBLEHEAD

The story of Agnes Surriage will never fail to stir the romantic fancy. Some novels, and many stories have been based upon this tale and Oliver Wendell Holmes, who delighted in New England legends, found here a theme particularly attractive to him. The following description is of the Frankland mansion at Hopkinton, Massachusetts.

THE FRANKLAND MANSION

One hour we rumble on the rail,
  One half-hour guide the rein,
We reach at last, o'er hill and dale,
  The village on the plain.

With blackening wall and mossy roof,
  With stained and warping floor,
A stately mansion stands aloof,
  And bars its haughty door.

This lowlier portal may be tried,
  That breaks the gable wall;
And lo! with arches opening wide,
  Sir Harry Frankland's hall!

'Twas in the second George's day
  They sought the forest shade,
The knotted trunks they cleared away,
  The massive beams they laid.

They piled the rock hewn chimney tall,
  They smoothed the terraced ground,
They reared the marble-pillared wall
  That fenced the mansion round.

Far stretched beyond the village bound
The Master's broad domain;
With page and valet, horse and hound,
He kept a goodly train.

And, all the midland county through,
The ploughman stopped to gaze
Whene'er his chariot swept in view
Behind the shining bays.

With mute obeisance, grave and slow,
Repaid by nod polite,—
For such the way with high and low
Till after Concord fight.

* * * * * * * * *

I tell you, as my tale began,
The Hall is standing still;
And you kind listener, maid or man,
May see it if you will.

The box is glistening huge and green,
Like trees the lilacs grow,
Three elms high-arching still are seen,
And one lies stretched below.

The hangings, rough with velvet flowers,
Flap on the latticed wall;
And o'er the mossy ridge-pole towers
The rock-hewn chimney tall.

Thus Agnes won her noble name,
Her lawless lover's hand;
The lowly maiden so became
A lady in the land!

The tale is done; it little needs
To track their after ways
And string again the golden beads
Of love's uncounted days.

THE ROMANTIC SHORE

They leave the fair ancestral isle
  For bleak New England's shore;
How gracious is the courtly smile
  Of all who frowned before.

Again through Lisbon's orange bowers
  They watch the river's gleam,
And shudder as her shadowy towers
  Shake in the trembling stream.

Fate parts at length the fondest pair;
  His cheek, alas! grows pale;
The breast that trampling death could spare
  His noiseless shafts assail.

He longs to change the heaven of blue
  For England's clouded sky,—
To breathe the air his boyhood knew;
  He seeks them but to die.

The doors on mighty hinges clash
  With massive bolt and bar,
The heavy English-moulded sash
  Scarce can the night-winds jar.

* * * *

A graded terrace yet remains;
  If on its turf you stand
And look along the wooded plains
  That stretch on either hand,

The broken forest walls define
  A dim, receding view,
Where, on the far horizon's line,
  He cut his vista through.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

BEVERLY

Poems that were popular a generation or two ago are quite unknown to many of America's newest children. To read them is like becoming introduced to the mahogany dresser and the worked samplers which were the accepted part of our grandmothers day. Lucy Larcom explained to curious questioners that Hannah's habitat was not very definitely located in the mind of the writer. "Somewhere on the road to Beverly," she hazarded. But the pathetic little story that was quoted so widely when it first made its appearance, would be true of almost any of the North Shore villages.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes.
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift, with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooes:
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:
Mid the apple boughs a pigeon cooes.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews,
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November,
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons:—
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Lucy Larcom.

MAGNOLIA

American ballads are rare, and this excellent one is destined to live in the annals of American literature. It may interest the reader to know that the name of Norman's Woe came from the family named Norman who lived near the fated spot. Longfellow, impressed by the news of the wreck here, wrote the ballad in one night—easily, he said, and practically in the form in which it now stands.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hand ,and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

GLOUCESTER

The North Shore is burdened with tragedies simple and profound. This homely rendering of an incident, perhaps not more typical of Gloucester than of any of the old coast fishing towns, preserves something of the superstition that frequently attaches itself to such episodes.

THE PHANTOM BOAT

The tide comes in, and the tide goes out,
  And the rollers break on the harbor bar,
And up from the distance comes a sail,
  Gleaming white, 'neath the morning star.

Fishing tackle and boats on deck,
  Running rigging, belayed and trim;
Raking spars,—'t is no battered wreck
  Sailing out in the distance dim.

It draws not near, though the wind is fair,
  The sheets are free, but it comes not nigh,
But hangs, a point on the morning air,
  A pictured sail, 'twixt the sea and sky.

"Fisherman, tell me why yonder boat
  Sails, and no nearer comes to shore;
Nor in the distance grows remote,
  Nor a ripple her bow breaks o'er."

"Stranger, I reckon you aren't here long:
  Many a year her pennant flew.
Old is the story; a worn-out song,
  But her deck is trod by no mortal crew.

"Look a moment, and see the flame
  Gleaming white over mast and spar;
Here, take my glass; you can read the name
  Under her starn; 't is the Alice Marr.

"Alice Marr was a fair young girl,
  Long ago in Glos'ter town;
Rippling tresses and sunny curl,
  Rare red lips, and a cheek of brown.

"That was Alice, the fisher's pride;
  Lovers sought her from near and far;
She was John Ackman's promised bride;
  He named his vessel the Alice Marr.

"Thar's nothing sartin, stranger, in life;
  We're gone to-morrow, though here today:
Another v'yage she would be his wife,
  At least so I've hearn the gossips say.

"Pork, potatoes, and hard-tack stowed,
  Water in barrels and water in tanks,
  Nicely fixed for a three months' cruise,
  He sailed away for the fishing banks.

* * * * * * * *

"Months rolled on, and never a word;
  Six months, twelve months: on the day
That finished the year was a rumor heard
  Of the Alice Marr in the outer bay.

"Boats put out, but they drew not near,
  Slowly, silently, on she steered:
'Skipper Ackman! Ho! what cheer!'
  She had vanished, had disappeared.

"Ever, as rolls the year around
  Bringing again her sailing day,
Rises her hull from the depths profound,
  And slowly cruises the outer bay.

"Not a word of her master's fate;
  Only a glimmer of sail and spar;
Not a word of her crew or mate,—
  This is the ghost of the Alice Marr.

"Still she watched down the peaceful bay,
  Still her eye scanned each gathering cloud:
Years receded, and, worn and gray,
Her wedding dress was her funeral shroud."

E. Normon Gunnison.

GLOUCESTER

This rhyme of Whittier's is chiefly of value because it records the tragic occurance which is still commemorated in the name of Avery's Rock. It is admirably correct in the atmosphere not only of time and place but of the religious point of view of the period.

THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY

When the reaper's task was ended, and the summer
wearing late,
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife and
children eight,
Dropping down the river-harbor in the shallop
"Watch and Wait."

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer-
morn,
With the newly planted orchards dropping their
fruits first-born,
And the homesteads like green islands amid a sea of
corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward the tided
creeks between,
And hills rolled wave-like inland, with oaks and wal-
nuts green;—
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eyes had never
seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty led,
And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the
living bread
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of
Marblehead.

All day they sailed; at nightfall the pleasant land-breeze died,
The blackening sky, at midnight, its starry lights denied,
And far and low the thunder of tempest prophesied!

Blotted out were all the coast-lines, gone were rock and wood and sand;
Grimly anxious stood the skipper with the rudder in his hand,
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled round him, weeping sore:
"Never heed, my little children! Christ is walking on before
To the pleasant land of heaven, where the sea shall be no more."

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain drawn aside,
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror far and wide
And the thunder and whirlwind together smote the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail and man's despair,
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp and bare,
And, through it all, the murmur of Father Avery's prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with the wild waves and the blast,
On a rock, where every billow broke above him as it passed,
Alone, of all his household, the man of God was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying, in the pause of
wave and wind:
"All my own have gone before me, and I linger just
behind;
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest thy ransomed
find!"

* * * * * *

The ear of God was open to his servant's last re-
quest;
As the strong wave swept him downward the sweet
hymn upward pressed,
And the soul of Father Avery went, singing, to its
rest.

There was wailing on the mainland, from the rocks
of Marblehead;
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes of
prayer were read;
And long, by broad and hearthstone, the living
mourned the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or scudding from the
squall,
With grave and reverent faces, the ancient tale re-
call,
When they see the white waves breaking on the
Rock of Avery's Fall!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

IPSWICH

Ipswich has appealed to more than one writer's imagination and sense of respectful humor.

IPSWICH TOWN

I love to think of old Ipswich town,
  Old Ipswich town in the East countree,
Whence, on the tide, you can float down
  Through the long salt grass to the wailing sea,
Where the Mayflower drifted off the bar,
  Sea-worn and weary, long years ago,
And dared not enter, but sailed away
  Till she landed her boats in Plymouth Bay.

I love to think of old Ipswich town;
  Where Whitfield preached in the church on the hill,
Driving out the devil till he leaped down
  From the steeple's top, where they show you still,
Imbedded deep in the solid rock,
  The indelible print of his cloven hoof,
And tell you the devil has never shown
  Face or hoof since that day in the honest town.

I love to think of old Ipswich town;
  Where they shut up the witches until the day
When they should be roasted so thoroughly brown,
  In Salem village, twelve miles away;
They've moved it off for a stable now;
  But there are the holes where the stout jail stood,
And at night, they say, that over the holes
  You can see the ghost of Goody Coles.

THE ROMANTIC SHORE

I love to think of old Ipswich town;
  That house to your right, a rod or more,
Where the stern old elm-trees seem to frown
  If you peer too hard through the open door,
Sheltered the regicide judges three
  When the royal sheriffs were after them,
And a queer old villager once I met,
  Who says in the cellar they're living yet.

I love to think of old Ipswich town;
  Harry Main, you have heard the tale, lived there:
He blasphemed God, so they put him down
  With an iron shovel, at Ipswich Bar;
They chained him there for a thousand years,
  As the sea rolls up to shovel it back;
So, when the sea cries, the goodwives say
  "Harry Main growls at his work to-day."

I love to think of old Ipswich town;
  There's a graveyard up on the old High Street,
Where ten generations are looking down
  On the one that is toiling at their feet;
Where the stones stand shoulder to shoulder, like troops
  Drawn up to receive a cavalry charge,
And graves have been dug in graves till the sod
  Is the mould of good men gone to God.

I love to think of old Ipswich town;
  Old Ipswich town in the East countree,
Whence, on the tide, you can float down
  Through the long salt grass to the wailing sea,
And lie all day on the glassy beach,
  And learn the lesson the green waves teach,
Till at sunset, from surf and seaweed brown,
  You are pulling back to Ipswich town.

James Appleton Morgan.

IPSWICH

What selection of New England poems would be complete without a contribution from Celia Thaxter—that bright and fanciful figure that glanced in and out of the Beacon Hill coterie and left a sparkling wake behind? Mrs. Thaxter has written better poetry than this, but perhaps nowhere else has the legend that all New England travellers must read been more pleasingly told.

HEARTBREAK HILL

In Ipswich town, not far from the sea,
  Rises a hill which the people call
Heartbreak Hill, and its history
  Is an old, old legend, known to all.

The selfsame dreary, worn-out tale
  Told by all peoples in every clime,
Still to be told till the ages fail,
  And there comes a pause in the march of Time.

It was a sailor who won the heart
  Of an Indian maiden, lithe and young;
And she saw him over the sea depart,
  While sweet in her ear his promise rung;

For he cried, as he kissed her wet eyes dry,
  "I'll come back, sweetheart; keep your faith!"
She said, "I will watch while the moons go by":
  Her love was stronger than life or death.

So this poor dusk Ariadne kept
  Her watch from the hill-top rugged and steep;
Slowly the empty moments crept
  While she studied the changing face of the deep,

Fastening her eyes upon every speck
That crossed the ocean within her ken;
Might not her lover be walking the deck,
Surely and swiftly returning again?

The Isles of Shoals loomed, lonely and dim,
In the northeast distance far and gray,
And on the horizon's uttermost rim
The low rock heap of Boone Island lay.

And north and south and west and east
Stretched sea and land in the blinding light,
Till evening fell, and her vigil ceased,
And many a hearth-glow lit the night,

To mock those set and glittering eyes
Fast growing wild as her hope went out.
Hateful seemed earth, and the hollow skies,
Like her own heart, empty of aught but doubt.

Oh, but the weary, merciless days,
With the sun above, with the sea afar—
No change in her fixed and wistful gaze
From the morning-red to the evening star!

Oh, the winds that blew, and the birds that sang,
The calms that smiled, and the storms that rolled,
The bells from the town beneath, that rang
Through the summer's heat and winter's cold!

The flash of the plunging surges white,
The soaring gull's wild bodding cry,
She was weary of all; there was no delight
In heaven or earth, and she longed to die.

What was it to her though the Dawn should paint
With delicate beauty skies and seas?
But the sweet, sad sunset splendors faint
Made her soul sick with memories!

Drowning in sorrowful purple a sail
  In the distant east, where shadows grew,
Till the twilight shrouded it, cold and pale,
  And the tide of her anguish rose anew.

Like a slender statue carved of stone
  She sat, with hardly motion or breath
She wept no tears and she made no moan,
  But her love was stronger than life or death.

He never came back! Yet faithful still,
  She watched from the hill-top her life away.
And the townsfolk christened it Heartbreak Hill,
  And it bears the name to this very day.

Celia Thaxter.

HAVERHILL

Whittier's poetic gift never found more suitable material nor worked itself out in more enduring medium than in Snowbound. The loving minutesness of every small detail and the spirited scope of the simple human recital has crystallized the old fashioned New England winter to us forever. Snowbound is worth re-reading from start to finish. This fragment proves it.

SNOWBOUND

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.
Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows

The cattle shake their walnut bows,
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.
Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night
A night made hoary with the swarm,
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.
So all night long the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

NEWBURYPORT

Whittier was very fond of Newburyport, which he visited often toward the end of his life; and the staunch old record of Whitefield's career appealed to the Quaker's simple piety and lent itself well to his plain rhyming form.

THE PREACHER

Its windows flashing to the sky,
Beneath a thousand roofs of brown,
Far down the vale, my friend and I
Beheld the old and quiet town:
The ghostly sails that out at sea
Flapped their white wings of mystery,
The beaches glimmering in the sun,
And the low wooded capes that run
Into the sea-mist north and south;
The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth;
The swinging chain-bridge, and, afar,
The foam-line of the harbor-bar.

Over the woods and meadow-lands
A crimson-tinted shadow lay
Of clouds through which the setting day
Flung a slant glory far away.
It glittered on the wet sea-sands,
It flamed upon the city's panes,
Smote the white sails of ships that wore
Outward or in, and glided o'er
The steeples with their veering vanes!

Awhile my friend with rapid search
O'erran the landscape. "Yonder spire
Over gray roofs, a shaft of fire;
What is it, pray? "The Whitefield Church!
Walled about by its basement stones
There rest the marvellous prophet's bones."

Then as our homeward way we walked
Of the great preacher's life we talked;
And through the mystery of our theme
The outward glory seemed to stream,
And Nature's self interpreted
The doubtful record of the dead;
And every level beam that smote
The sails upon the dark afloat,
A symbol of the light became
Which touched the shadows of our blame
With tongues of Pentescotal flame.

* * * * * *

Under the church of Federal Street,
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,
Walled about by its basement stones,
Lie the marvellous preacher's bones.
No saintly honors to them are shown,
No sign nor miracle have they known;
But he who passes the ancient church
Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,
And ponders the wonderful life of him
Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.
Long shall the traveller strain his eye
From the railroad car, as it plunges by,
And the vanishing town behind him search
For the slender spire of the Whitefield Church;
And feel for one moment the ghosts of trade
And fashion and folly and pleasure laid,
By the thought of that life of pure intent,
That voice of warning yet eloquent,
Of one on the errands of angels sent,
And if where he labored the flood of sin
Like a tide from the harbor-bar sets in,
And over a life of time and sense
The church-spires lift their vain defence,
As if to scatter the bolts of God
With the points of Calvin's thunder-rod,—
Still, as the gem of its civic crown,
Precious beyond the world's renown,
His memory hallows the ancient town.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

NEWBURYPORT

The intimate charm of any place is never delineated so well as by one who is part of that place and of that charm. The talented and vivacious Harriet Prescott Spofford caught the happy atmosphere of Plum Island and described the finest details with a precision that adds lasting value to the tuneful verses.

INSIDE PLUM ISLAND

We floated on the idle breeze,
  With all our sails a-shiver;
The shining tide came softly through,
  And filled Plum Island River.

The shining tide stole softly up
  Across the wide green splendor,
Creek swelling creek till all in one
  The marshes made surrender.

And clear the flood of silver swung
  Between the brimming edges,
And now the depths were dark, and now
  The boat slid o'er the sedges.

And here a yellow sand-spit foamed
  Amid the great sea meadows,
And here the slumberous waters gloomed
  Lucid in emerald shadows.

While, in their friendly multitude
  Encamped along our quarter,
The host of hay-cocks seemed to float
  With doubles in the water

Around the sunny distance rose
  A blue and hazy highland,
And winding down our winding way
  The sand-hills of Plum Island,—

The windy dunes that hid the sea
  For many a dreary acre,
And muffled all its thundering fall
  Along the wild South Breaker.

We crept by Oldtown's marshy mouth,
  By reedy Rowley drifted,
But far away the Ipswich bar
  Its white caps tossed and shifted.

Sometimes we heard a bittern boom,
  Sometimes a piping plover,
Sometimes there came the lonesome cry
  Of white gulls flying over.

Sometimes, a sudden fount of light,
  A sturgeon splashed, and fleeting
Behind the sheltering thatch we heard
  Oars in the rowlocks beating.

But all the rest was silence, save
  The rippling in the rushes,
The gentle gale that struck the sail
  In fitful swells and gushes.

Silence and summer and the sun,
  Waking a wizard legion,
Wove as we went their ancient spells
  In this enchanted region.

No spectral care could part the veil
  Of mist and sunbeams shredded,
That everywhere behind us closed
  The labyrinth we threaded.

THE ROMANTIC SHORE

Beneath our keel the great sky arched
  Its liquid light and azure;
We swung between two heavens, ensphered,
  Within their charmed embrasure.

Deep in that watery firmament,
  With flickering lustres splendid
Poised in his perfect flight, we saw
  The painted hawk suspended,

And there, the while the boat-side leaned,
  With youth and laughter laden,
We saw the red fin of the perch,
  We saw the swift manhaden.

Outside, the hollow sea might cry,
  The wailing wind give warning;
No whisper saddened us, shut in
  With sunshine and the morning.

Oh, far, far off the weary world
  With all its tumult waited,
Forever here with drooping sails
  Would we have hung belated!

Yet, when the flaw came ruffling down,
  And round us curled and sallied
We skimmed with bubbles on our track,
  As glad as when we dallied.

Broadly the bare brown Hundreds rose,
  The herds their hollows keeping,
And clouds of wings about her mast
  From Swallowbanks were sweeping.

While evermore the Bluff before
  Grew greenly on our vision,
Lifting beneath its waving boughs
  Its grassy slopes Elysian.

There, all day long, the summer sea
  Creams murmuring up the shingle;
There, all day long, the airs of earth
  With airs of heaven mingle.

Singing we went our happy way,
  Singing old sings, nor noted
Another voice that with us sang,
  As wing and wing we floated.

Till hushed, we listened, while the air
  With music still was beating,
Voice answering tuneful voice, again
  The words we sang repeating.

A flight of fluting echoes, sent
  With elfin carol o'er us,—
More sweet than bird-song in the prime
  Rang out the sea-blown chorus.

Behind those dunes the storms had heaped
  In all fantastic fashion,
Who syllabled our songs in strains
  Remote from human passion?

What tones were those that caught our own,
  Filtered through light and distance,
And tossed them gayly to and fro
  With such a sweet insistence?

What shoal of sea-sprites, to the sun
  Along the margin flocking,
Dripping with salt dews from the deeps,
  Made this melodious mocking?

We laughted,—a hundred voices rose
  In airiest, fairiest laughter;
We sang,—a hundred voices quired
  And sang the whole song after.

THE ROMANTIC SHORE

One standing eager in the prow
  Blew out his bugle cheerly,
And far and wide their horns replied
  More silverly and clearly.

And falling down the falling tide,
  Slow and more slowly going,
Flown far, flown far, flown faint and fine,
  We heard their horns still blowing.

Then, with the last delicious note
  To other skies alluring,
Down run the sails; beneath the Bluff
  The boat lay at her mooring.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

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